

DO YOU WANT FULL BENEFIT OF \$30,000,000 VALUE OF SCHOOL LANDS, THEN VOTE FOR WEAVER.

Coffman & Owen
HARDWARE and TINNERS
PHONE NO. 279

THE EVENING NEWS.

M. LEVIN
NEW and SECOND HAND
FURNITURE

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 3, 1907

NUMBER 63

VOLUME 4

Suits for Young Men

We are doing an immense business in

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING.

Style does it and style is what all young men want and will have. After their sixteenth birthday boys are no longer boys to us. They are young men and we know then that their clothing must be catered to as carefully as any man.



Clothes must be selected especially for them. Styles must be just right, must have all the latest kinks of Fashion.

Young Men, Come and See.

Suits \$7.50, \$10 \$12.50, \$15, \$17.50.

Cox-Greer-McDonald Co.

ANOTHER FEATHER FOR ADA

Made a Postoffice of Second Class--
Salary, \$2,000

Postmaster J. R. Young has received official notification that Ada has been advanced from a postoffice of the third class to one of the second class, entailing a raise in the salary to \$2,000 a year, same to take effect from and after July 1st, 1907.

This change is agreeable news, not only to Mr. Young, but also to everybody interested in Ada; it speaks volumes for Ada's growing commercial standing. The raise is based on the gross receipts for the year ending March 31, which were in excess of \$8,000, and the business of the Ada office is still climbing. For the month of May, says Mr. Young, the receipts were very nearly \$900.

This advancement places Ada in fast, metropolitan company, and it puts this town in the class so far attained by only six cities in Indian Territory.

More important than the raise of a \$100 a year on the postmaster's salary will be the raise in allowance for clerk hire from \$360 to \$1,300, which the promotion of the local office will entail.

It will interest Ada people to hear that free delivery for this office is not so far distant. For this boon \$10,000 annual receipts are required, and good sidewalks. We are not less than \$2,000 behind the required annual receipts. Possibly the \$10,000 will be reached next year. Of course Ada would build the sidewalks. These a department official was enquiring about recently from the postmaster.

There are now 51 presidential offices in Indian Territory, seven second class and one first class offices.

REVIVAL AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

A week of mud and rain and the revival still continues with splendid interest and prospects. The Sunday school attendance was increased to three times its usual number. The house was crowded in the morning and many were turned away at night.

The morning sermon preached by the evangelist on the subject of "Heaven" was a masterpiece. At the close two of our leading citizens and their wives presented themselves for membership.

The sermon at night was of unusual interest. The subject of "Why I Belong to the Christian Church" being presented. The sermon was free from bitterness or unkind criticism of those who might disagree with the speaker.

Tonight the "Sinner's Excuses" will be the subject for the sermon. A special service will be held Tuesday afternoon for the ladies and girls at 3 p. m. The sermon will be the "Woman who moved the town." Every lady and girl in town is invited to attend.

The supply of song books which has been expected for several days, arrived this morning and everybody will have an opportunity to assist in the singing.

Much interest is expected to be developed this week. Several visiting pastors are expected to arrive in the next few days to enjoy the victory and get the uplift of the revival.

SHOOTS NEGRO IN SELF DEFENSE

Georgia Farmer Outwitted Two Blacks Who Menaced His Life.

Agusta, Ga., June 2.—Joe and Tellman Barnes, negroes, aroused J. B. Morgan, a white farmer, early today by knocking on his front door. Morgan's suspicions were aroused, and he went through the rear and around the house, finding one negro standing on the steps with a drawn revolver and the other crouched by the door with a knife. The negro was ordered attempted to fire. He was shot dead by Morgan. Joe Barnes rushed upon Morgan with a knife and was fatally wounded by a second shot from the farmer.

Judge Eve was notified tonight that threats were being made by negroes against Morgan, and he ordered the country police force and a detachment of guards from the stockade to proceed to the vicinity and preserve order. At midnight everything seemed quiet.

SEVEN YEARS SENTENCE

J. T. Wright Passed a Bogus \$20.00 Bill on an Alva Merchant.

Guthrie, Okla., June 2.—J. T. Wright, under sentence to the federal penitentiary for seven years, was brought to the federal jail here today by Deputy Marshal Jacobson, from Alva, where he was convicted on a charge of raising one dollar silver certificates to twenty dollar bills. One jury convicted Wright, while another acquitted his partner, Ode Smeadley. Wright passed one of the bogus bills on Harry Tanner, an Alva merchant, in payment for a pair of fifteen cent socks, and received \$19.85 in change by Tanner. The marshal's office has collected several of these changed bills, and to all but an expert eye they would pass muster.

ONE DEAD AND MANY INJURED

Fatal Wreck Near Shawnee Last Saturday

Shawnee, Okla., June 2.—One man was killed and ten severely injured while many others miraculously escaped death or injury, when a north-bound freight train collided head-on eight miles south of here yesterday afternoon.

Crashing together while running 50 miles an hour, as the freight rounded a curve, the engines were telescoped, the combination mail and baggage car was demolished and the other cars in the passenger train, save one, were thrown from the rails.

The freight was on the passenger's time and was endeavoring to make the siding at Sewell to let the passenger by. The engineer had seventeen minutes from Tecumseh in which to do this, and failed by a minute. The passenger supposed he had a clear track to Tecumseh and was endeavoring to make up time.

Downey, the fireman of the passen-

ger train, who was killed, remained at his post after the engineer had jumped, and was instantly killed. His body was buried under the wreckage of the engines and it was several hours before it was recovered.

A. A. Carpenter, and A. W. McAlester, of Oklahoma City, were on the wrecked train. Both men were riding in the combination smoking and baggage car which went into the ditch and was completely wrecked. Mr. Carpenter escaped without injury and Mr. McAlester received only a few slight bruises.

George, the mail clerk, living at this point, was severely injured internally, and it is feared tonight that he cannot recover.

The track is torn up for a space of several hundred yards and it is not expected that traffic will be resumed before Monday.

IT WOULDN'T BE

Summer Without Serge Suits in Two Pieces.

Blue Serges are in greater demand than for many seasons past. We show a line of Single and Double-Breasted Styles in Two-piece goods.

\$12.50 and \$13.50

All made with permanent hair-cloth fronts, highly padded half lined with first-class Mohair. Some are in Peg-top Trousers and Cuff bottoms and belt loops. The fit and workmanship and material are equal to any \$18 suits asked by our competitors.

We have a strong line of Fancy Patterns of Grays, Club Checks and Plaids, which are also in demand for this season.

Come to us and you will easily be convinced we can save you a dollar or two.

No Trouble to Show Goods

I. HARRIS.



New Post Cards

Complete line of Ada views and humorous illustrated cards, fancy designs, etc. All prices.

Send Some of These Cards to Your Friends and make them happy.

SPRAGUE BROS.

Want A Bath?

Then get a good clean one, Hot or Cold, at High & Litzman's Barber Shop, next door to English Kitchen.



English Kitchen

Everything strictly first class and clean. Once you eat here you'll become a regular patron.

Ada tailoring and cleaning works east of postoffice. 48-tf

TONIGHT
3 SHOWS DAILY at 3
4:00, 8:00, 9:00 pm 3

at the

ELECTRIC THEATRE

Two doors west of Harris Hotel.

Program:

- 1—Illustrated Song, "In the City of Sighs and Tears."
- 2—Motion Pictures, Scenes on the Hudson River. Who's Who. The Mysterious Retort.
- 3—Illustrated Song, "Would You Care?"
- 4—Special Feature—Motion Picture—"Married for Millions."

Show begins promptly at 8:00 and lasts one hour.

Admission 10c to All.

Programs changed on Mondays and Thursdays.

TO MAKE ADA IMMACULATE

City Federation Takes Further Steps Toward a Clean Town.

At a meeting of the Federation Saturday afternoon, arrangements were perfected for the management of the prize contests beginning June 1st.

As stated before, prizes have been offered to the children under 15 years of age, who keep the cleanest premises from June 1st to October 1st.

To the amount the Federation offered, the Ada National bank has most generously added \$5.00 making the prizes \$7.50 and \$5.00 respectively.

It is the desire of the Federation to

offer two additional prizes, and a hope is cherished that they may be able to do so eventually.

Children to enter this contest will register with the following ladies, who will also look after the streets assigned to them.

COMMITTEES.

First Ward—Mrs. W. W. Sledge, residence 17th and Constant, chairman—16th and 17th streets.

Mrs. W. B. Jones, residence 16th and Townsend—18th and 19th and 20th streets.

Mrs. Bent Mason, residence 12th street—11th, 12 and 13th streets.

Mrs. R. F. King, residence 13th and Constant—14th and 15th streets.

Second Ward—Mrs. J. E. Bills, chairman, residence E. Main street—Sunrise addition.

Mrs. Sherwood Hill, residence 10th street—Second Ward west of Katy depot and north of Main.

Third Ward—Mrs. C. O. Barton, residence 1st and Oak—1st, 2nd, and 3rd streets.

Mrs. Wm. Ross, residence 4th and Oak streets—4th and 5th streets.

Mrs. A. W. Fuller, residence 7th and Johnson—7th and 8th streets.

Mrs. E. J. Rogers, residence 10th and Johnson—9th, 10th, and 11th streets.

Fourth Ward—Mrs. Robert Wimbish, residence Cherry avenue—11th, 12th and 13th streets.

Mrs. Lulu B. Wheeler, residence 14th and Cherry avenue—14th and 15th streets.

Mrs. George Thompson, residence 16th street—16th and 17th streets.

Mrs. Jeff Reed, residence Stockton avenue—18th, 19th and 20th streets.

Other business of importance was attended to. An election board will be appointed, each organization furnishing a member. With much regret, the resignation of Mrs. Will Neatherly as

EXCURSION TO OKLAHOMA CITY

JUNE 9, 1907

Special train will leave Ada at 7 a. m., returning will leave Oklahoma City at 7 p. m. There will be another train leave Atoka at 6 a. m.

Fare from Ada, Ahloso and Tupelo

\$1.50



C. F. ORCHARD
Agent.

(Continued on Page 4)

The Income Tax is Equitable and Just

By HON. ALTON B. PARKER.



I believe that every state in the union ought to have an income tax.

The federal government has sometimes levied a tax on incomes.

There are, of course, many inherent difficulties in the levy and collection of such a tax in this country, where the people are so much less settled in population than in the old country, but it remains for the state

to provide for the collection of its revenues by such methods as will operate best for the general interest. These methods must be practical—that is to say, they must be such as can be enforced without serious mischief, and such as will provide the revenue.

But when the question is: "What is and what is not practical?" apparent fairness and equality as between individuals are of the highest importance.

To the common mind no rule seems to be more just and fair than that persons should be taxed for the support of the state or government in proportion to the revenue—that is, net income—they enjoy under its protection.

Such a rule combines the idea of the value of government with that of ability to bear the burden. It seems to be as just and fair as any that is capable of enforcement, and, as it approves itself to the common mind, it seems to be one which public policy and the best interests of the state can justify and sanction.

Thought the Great Disease Breeder

By DR. CHARLES GILBERT DAVIS.

If a thought can in an instant of time dilate or contract the blood vessels, causing a rush of blood to or from any part; if it can increase or diminish the secretion of a gland; if it can hasten or retard the action of the heart; if it can turn the hair gray in a single night; if it can force tears from the eyes; if it can in an instant produce great bodily weakness; if it can produce insomnia; if, as has often occurred, it can bring instantaneous death—then is it not natural for us to conclude, without further argument, that it may bring about a more or less continuous derangement of the physical organism, which we call disease?

On every hand we note instances where the action of the mind both produces and perpetuates disease. Indeed, I can truthfully say, after an observation of many years in the practice of medicine, that a majority of the cases of illness which come under the daily observation of the physician are largely due to the condition of the mind.

It is not unusual for some one returning from the funeral of a loved one to be taken ill and in a few days follow that one to the grave. What causes this death? Depressing thought.

Mother hears of some calamity having befallen her child. She goes into a collapse, fever follows and she is near the gates of death. Was it not a thought that produced this illness?

A man is seated at a banquet table, full of health and happiness and blessed with a good appetite.

A message is brought to him that his family has been drowned in a flood. He turns pale; his appetite deserts him and his strength is gone. Soon he is in a delirium and ill. All the functions of the body are deranged; a doctor is called and names his disease. But is it not true that this man's disease has been produced by what he thought?

I have seen the most wonderful effects follow a fit of anger. After an outburst of passion the function of every gland in the body is impaired. Time and again I have observed acute illness in an infant where it was permitted to nurse immediately after the mother had been engaged in a quarrel, and on more than one occasion I have seen death follow in a few hours.

Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely, and every observant physician has a mental store of such cases.

A String of Thought Pearls

By CARMEN SYLVA.

There are so many people whose only reason for depriving themselves of the sight of the rising sun is to sleep away the evening. Thus, the joyous moment of each day slips away from them.

We must wring the neck of our deepest passions, of our most ardent desires, and walk in the way we would never have chosen.

Life is a stuff spun and woven by our hands; others will cut it and shape it, others again deck themselves with it.

The Fountain of Youth is work; woe to him who ceases to plunge therein.

By the side of tombs only kindly and courteous words are spoken; let us treat our friends like tombs.

A lost battle is often worth many victories; a victorious war may bring deep-seated loss to the nation that rejoiced for a conquest.

This life is but an image of the true life, a reflection of what the soul attains to in the Beyond, of what only the death of the body shall reveal.

It is so good to be beautiful, and so beautiful to be good that it is a sad mistake not to be the one by sheer force of being the other.

One word has before now traversed the centuries and stirred hearts anew in every successive generation; why be content to chatter like the poplar to the passing wind instead of sowing abroad words that will endure?

All lives are beautiful in which the sovereign thought has been for others.

What is called luck or fortune is only the gift of recognizing when our hour strikes, of not taking the hand from the plow until the Angelus sounds.



The Woman Thrown on Her Own Resources.

By Mrs. Bessie Hooker

What a Woman "Brought Up to Do Nothing" May Accomplish—Burying One's Personality—"Sentiment a Forgotten Art" in New York—The Work of Dressing and Studying Women—Members of the Leisure Class Should Not "Play at Work."

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

(Mrs. Bessie Stewart-Hooker, daughter of Senator Stewart of Nevada, is a fine example of what is possible of accomplishment to a woman brought up in wealth and luxury when by the turn of fortune's wheel it becomes necessary for her to enter the list of bread winners. For some year previous to undertaking her present line of work, that of importer and buyer of women's gowns and lingerie, she conducted a chicken ranch on a portion of her father's cattle ranch in Virginia. Many of her present patrons are the women of the millionaire set, her old-time friends in society, when Castle Stewart in Washington was the center of brilliant and lavish entertaining. But on this factor she has not reckoned for success, having joined the world's workers from the common-sense business point of view.)

This subject is a difficult one to write about, since by many persons it is viewed in many changeable lights. My point of view is that of a woman who, having never been in trade and knowing absolutely nothing relating thereto, suddenly finds herself obliged to earn her own living.

When one considers the matter, it seems at first as if there was absolutely nothing that could be undertaken by a woman educated and brought up to do nothing. Take my own case, which is, I think, the only one I really understand. It required a long time and many experiments for me to realize what I was really capable of. Having done so, the next thing in order was to bury my own personality, to think of nothing but my work and ultimate success. I was not to spare myself in any manner. I was to have one object and to make all aims and ambitions, every energy and power of the mind center in that one thing. There was nothing I did not study and sometime try, from running a stock farm in Virginia to writing plays that were never accepted. To undertake to write of the number of things I studied would take too long. At last I found that of which I was really capable. It was the task of conducting a place where women could find almost everything with which to adorn themselves—since in the world at large "women's dress is always interesting."

Business in New York is different from business in any other place. First there is more money to be made there, as all the world goes to New York. But there are thousands to compete with—thousands who know what business means—thousands who understand business in all its phases. Sentiment is a forgotten art. You are obliged to stand by yourself, to have and bring forth new ideas and new things quicker than your neighbor. For the buyers see only what you have to offer them, not who or what you are. They care nothing for your ancestors, they want their money's worth, and if you fail to give it to them they go elsewhere.

If a woman who has always had everything she desired, who has been petted and made much of, who has seen society from all its different points, who has had everything that position, money and youth could give her, can simply forget herself; if she is willing to be patient and interested in all those who come to her and is not afraid of work, that woman will succeed.

It is a hard lesson, but one that can be learned if one is determined and has only one object in view—to be a success no matter what obstacles present themselves.

When you have attained that you feel triumphant through and through, and when you look back at the dark hours they seem almost brilliant, for you know they have helped you and given you energy—made you more determined.

It is a wonderful feeling to know that you are independent of the world and that you owe it nothing. What you have accomplished is due solely to your own intelligent efforts. I mean those who enter into enterprises of their own and are not working on salaries. That is, of course, quite another thing.

In New York there is a field for every one, but in order to win one must be, or strive to be, better than the rest. It is like a stimulant and inspires one to do well. The competition here is something undreamed of elsewhere. Thousands of men and women are in the same line as yourself and they, for the most part, having done nothing else since they were born, understand work in all its branches. The line that I have taken up is interesting to me, for I handle what is beautiful work and once I enter the doors of my workshop I am oblivious to all else but my work, "dressing and studying women."

I shall always remember the first time I saw a woman pass with some of the things on that I had made for her. It seemed so unreal that I was almost on the verge of tears, but soon all sentimental feeling passed and I

was very glad to see many of my things worn—the more the better.

Women's wearing apparel is always interesting, for one has to combine colors, make models, handle beautiful fabrics from all over the world, and this is extremely attractive to the feminine mind. When you have succeeded in making a homely woman with a bad figure look less plain, or a pretty woman blossom into greater beauty there is a positive excitement in the experience. I believe nobody really works well who is not obliged to. If one is not always followed by that fearful monster, necessity, I do not think one does as well. But when one realizes that it is imperative not to be lazy, that each day counts, and that if there is failure in that day's duty one will suffer later on, the thought spurs one to more energetic action, and the start is bravely made in forgetfulness of storm or cold.

If a woman is obliged to work New York is her best sphere of action and she should give herself entirely up to the undertaking if she wishes to accomplish anything. But if she can take life easily then let her do so in every sense of the word, for she will then find it her duty to make herself charming to those near and dear, bringing comfort and happiness into her surroundings and letting the hardships of labor be borne by those who, obliged to work, will not thus be unduly shouldered out of the field. To be sheltered and protected from the ungracious side of life is woman's greatest blessing where this is possible of accomplishment.

To women seeking employment in New York I will say that there is a large field for all and if circumstances make it imperative that work be done every energy should be brought to bear on whatever is undertaken. With determination to conquer all obstacles, success will surely be won. Do not enter into any line of work to pursue it as a fad or simply for something to do. The world is full of those to whom work is a necessity and they should not be forced to the wall by members of the leisure class playing at work. Whatever the undertaking, whether in New York or elsewhere, enter upon it with earnestness and untiring zeal. To the woman who does this, no matter what her bringing up or her previous status in the world, there is inevitably before her the great and beautiful word—success.

THE BILL COLLECTOR'S DREAM.

He Only Imagined That the Skinflint Paid Him.

The bookkeeper was jollying the bill collector. "Do you ever make any collections?" he asked lightly.

"Do I? Well, I should smile," replied the collector. "Know that old balance for \$50, don't you, against Goldstein? Yes? Well, I got it in last night, and a ten dollar bill to boot. Made an all night job of it."

"Don't say," replied the amazed bookkeeper.

"Yep; went after it about 12 o'clock last night and finally landed the mazzuma. The junk shop was all lit up, you know, and there was a gang of fellows hanging around the office door, and all of 'em kicking. Reminded me of the angry mob at a Gillis medodrama. The funny part of it was, they were all collectors."

"I butted in. What's up, boys?" says I.

"He's in there," replied a collector from Evans & Co. "And we're after blood or money."

"Let's get both," says I. "I'm with you."

"Well, sir," proceeded the bill collector, scratching the mud from his coat, "we made a dash for the door—it was locked, you know—and bust it to splinters; didn't last as long as a snowball in—In July. Then we made a rush for that old skeesicks. He always was a haughty sort of an ass, you know, and treated a collector as he would a book agent. But he got his all right. Fun? Why, it was better than looping the loop. The old villain's clerks were there, too, but when he hollered for help they just sneered and gave him the Roman act—turned their thumbs down, you know."

"Then came the crowning glory," continued the collector, with a righteous flush on his face. "One of the pirates found a big roll of money in the victim's pocket, and a big roar went up."

"Divy up! Divy up!" shouted a dozen voices at once.

"So I grabbed the roll of money and peddled it out. I kept the \$50 for our balance and \$10 for myself and then—the alarm broke loose and I came away. It was only a dream, you know."

The Corners of the Home.

Few women realize the decorative possibilities of corners. The result is that even in pretty and artistic rooms the corners are too often left bare, the walls being allowed to meet in hard straight lines and nothing to break the monotony.

In a small room it is not advisable to fill up or cut off these corners by putting large pieces of furniture diagonally across them, for this simply diminishes the apparent size of the room. It will be found that hanging furniture will fill the need admirably, for a small cabinet or bookshelf can be readily suspended, and by its very construction serve to break the awkwardness of the corner in a very satisfactory manner.

Of course when it comes to hanging heavier pieces of furniture, the picture molding is found inadequate, so screw-eyes, or ring bolts, are fastened to the floor beams above.

A MID SEA TRANSFER

BY J. C. PLUMMER

(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was an easy afternoon's watch on the forecabin as a fair wind came freshly astern and every sail was drawing. We were just commenting on the Adams' yarn about the finding of the dead sailor in his own sea chest, when Pat Cannon broke in.

"Ye can't count anything extraordinary at sea," he said, "I had a quare experience, once, on the brig Manitou."

"Give it to us, Pat," we cried in chorus.

"Ye see," began Pat, cramming down the tobacco in a vile smelling pipe with his stubby forefinger, "I was on the brig Manitou and we had loaded a cargo of bones at Rosario on the La Plata, bound for Baltimore. In Argentina there's lots of horses and cattle killed for their hides and tallow to say nothing of making a pile of bafe extract which they do at Frey Bentoe. The bones they pile up on the pampas until there's a chance of shipping them to America where they grind 'em up for fertilizer."

"We loaded some 400 ton all shapes and sizes and there was nothing out of the way with the bones save their nasty musty smell, but by the time we had pulled up half way to the equator we found we had shipped more than bones. The brig was alive with cintipedes. I don't know if they were sitting in the middle of the bones hatching their eggs or only taking a slape, but out they came and millions of 'em. Whin at first only a few came up we laughed at the quick moving things, but when the decks were smothered with 'em laughing was stopped and swearing taken up."

"Well, it was mane enough to have the blooming things crawling over one's bunk, one's food and one's hair, but whin they got to biting thin it became serious. Although it was blistering hot we were all a wearing sea boots as if we was a coming to the north pole instead of to the equator. Thin a deppytation goes aft."

"We can't stand it, sorr," we sez to the skipper, "these bugs are biting us and we'd ask you to put into some handy port so we can get rid of 'em," we sez.

"The nearest port we can make," sez the skipper, "is Rio Grande and I don't want to put in there for it's a very expensive place. I'll smoke the crayatures out," sez he.

"We took some brimstone and set it afire, thin we lowers it down the hatch and shuts up all the holes and crivices we could find but Glory be, there's where we made a mistake. We druv 'em out of the hold into the cabin, the forecabin and on deck. The brimstone couldn't kill 'em only druv 'em out. Iverwhere cintipedes, nothing but cintipedes."

"Thin we stopped up the hawse holes and rigged the pump so as to flood the deck and drown the insects, but bless your soul whin the water came they climbed the rigging like able-bodied seamen and stayed up there 'till we had to let the water off. "Well, then we didn't know what to do; the skipper was worried too for the cintipedes were all over the cabin and whin about noon we sights a sail he ordered the distress signal to be bent to the halliards and sint aloft. The vessel, a bark it was, hove to and sint a boat to us. Whin it reached us we cast a painter to it but the officer didn't make any move to board us. He gives a squint up at the spars and asks:

"What's wrong wid ye? Ye look all right aloft."

"I'm a suffrin'," sez the skipper, in reply, "wid a pistillence of bugs and I want your advice and help."

"Bugs," screams the man in the boat, "what are ye a talking about?"

"My brig is jist alive wid cintipedes," answers the skipper, "and they worritin me and my crew to death."

"The man got red in the face. I reckon he thought the skipper was making fun of him."

"I'll tell you how to get rid of your bugs," he cries, mad like, "ye take more water in your whisky," and wid that he casts off the line and orders the boat pulled back to the bark."

"Now, I'd been standing by to lower a ladder to the man if he wanted to board us and I had seen a stream of cintipedes running along the line to the boat. Afore the boat had reached the bark I saw the man stand up and shake his fist at our brig, thin, he slapped himself mightily about the legs."

"We're a few less cintipedes aboard, sorr," sez I to the skipper, "for a lot wint along the line to yon boat."

"I saw 'em," he winked his eye whin he said it, "it's put an idee into my head, Pat."

"He calls the mate and the two had a long palaver on the poop and thin the mate orders all the top hampers sint down. The top and top galant masts were lowered and stowed on the deck. We were ordered to leave the rigging in a ragged way just as if the spars had been carried away by a gale. We was a wondering what the skipper was up to, thinking the cintipedes had made him crazy. About four o'clock we sighted the smoke of a steamer and at once the old man had a distress signal hoisted to the stump of the mainmast. The steamer picked it up and began to bear down on us and thin the order came to man the pumps. As there was very little water in the well we

thought the cintipedes had turned the skipper's head but it's obey orders aboard ship.

"'Brig ahoy,' sings out a man on the steamer's bridge, whin she was in hailing distance, 'what do you need?'"

"'We've been dismayed in a gale,' sez the skipper, with a straight face, 'and we've sprung a leak. We want you to tow us into Rio Grande.'"

"'Where did you find a gale in this latitood?' shouts the man on the steamer, 'I've not seen wind enough to fill a ryal for a week.'"

"'Twas a sort of whirlwind,' sez the skipper; 'now, what'll you charge to tow me in?'"

"'Well, shouts the captain of the steamer, 'Rio Grande will take us out of our course a heap but I'll tow you for a thousand pun.'"

"'It's an awful price,' sez our skipper, 'an awful price, but what else can I do? I'll find you a hawser.'"

"'We lowered a boat and carried a brand new manilla hawser to the steamer which they fastened to the bitts aboard and thin we pulled back to the brig.'"

"'The steamer towed us all the evening, but whin it became dark the skipper orders brimstone to be put in buckets, set afire and lowered into the hold. Glory be, how thin cintipedes came a swarming on deck. Ye could hear 'em a-rustlin' there was so many of 'em.'"

"'The mate sint a man forrard and had a thick circle of pitch made around the bowsprit just beyond the heel and thin all hands were called aft. Forrard of the wheel we lay some sheets of tin reaching clear across the deck from rail to rail. On this tin we sprinkled brimstone and set it afire. There was very little wind and the stinking smoke lay close to the deck and druv the cintipedes forrard. Slowly we moved the tin plates along driving the insects towards the bow. They were mighty excited thin cintipedes for they couldn't go back into the hold as the brimstone was a burning down there and they couldn't, as they always did when we tried to drown them, go out on the bowsprit and climb the stays. Whin they come to the circle of pitch they stopped.'"

"'At last they found the hawser and they started along it towards the steamer. We had shoved the brimstone pretty nigh to the bow and I was standing on the forecabin whin the moon come out a minute from behind some clouds. Boys, did ye iver go into a great factory and see the belts flying in time with the turning of the wheels? Well, that's the way that hawser looked with the cintipedes flying along it to the steamer. Glory be, it made my head swim to look at 'em.'"

"'Captain,' sez the mate, 'the cintipedes are about all on the hawser; shall I cut it and let 'em drown?'"

"'No,' sez the old man, 'it 'ud be a sin to drown thin innocent insects and besides that there fellow wanted to charge me a thousand puns to pull me to Rio Grande. Let him have the cintipedes.'"

"'Just afore morning the mate cut the hawser.'"

"'Whin morning broke the steamer was well off to leeward but she wore and come down on us.'"

"'Ahoy, there,' shouts the captain of the steamer, 'your hawser's parted.'"

"'Yis, bad luck to it,' hollers back our old man.

"'I'll send some men aboard wid another hawser,' sez the steamer captain.

"'No, I'm obleeged,' calls back our old man, 'the leak's stopped and I've found some spars that I'll make do.'"

"'Thin the steamer captain spakes out his mind.'"

"'Ye dirty Yankee swab, you,' he yells, 'that floating pig sty of yours is full of bugs and they've come along the hawser onto my ship. It's fairly swarming wid 'em.'"

"'Bugs,' screams the skipper, 'it's entirely crazy ye are. What d'ye mane by insulting a mariner in distress by telling him his vessel is full of bugs? If your filthy old tay kettle is full of vermin it's no hawser I want from ye and have the insects coming on my swate clean brig.'"

"'I've a bloody good mind to run ye down, ye pistilent Yankee,' haws the steamer captain, making an angry slap at his legs.

"'I'd have ye notice,' sez the skipper, politely, 'that the American flag is waving over my brig and it's me that 'ud like to see you run her down.'"

"'Thin the steamer captain jerks the bell to the engine room and away she wint to the southard, but the captain was shaking his fist at the brig as long as the two crafts were in sight of each other.'"

"'And, d'ye know, boys,' continued Cannon, mysteriously, 'that steamer was called the Kathleen and though I've read the shipping news and asked iver seamen I've met I've never heard of her since.'"

"'What do you suppose happened to her?' was asked.

"'It's my belfae,' replied Cannon, 'that thin cintipedes ate up the crew and thin gnawed a hole in the ship's iron skin and wint down wid her.'"

Part of Their Business.

A Winsted (Conn.) dispatch says: "Yankee schoolmarms" are getting scarce. Not surprising when one learns, further on, that these teachers are, as a rule, good cooks.



MATTERS FEMININE.

IN FINE LINGERIE

DAINTY GARMENTS THAT MAY BE MADE AT HOME.

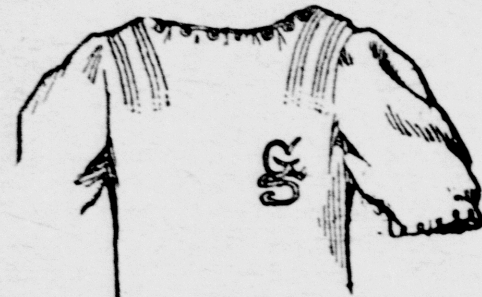
Fashioning of Appropriate Underwear Is Something That Every Woman Should Have at Her Finger Tips.

No woman ought to be ignorant of the art of making the simple, pretty things which she wears from her cradle to her grave. Our grandmothers made, and kept on hand, underclothing against the time of sickness and death. But the making and hoarding of grave clothes was a rather lugubrious custom, which a generation of less somber ways of thoughts has allowed to lapse.

It is a rare woman who is not proud of her collection of lingerie, and prouder yet if she has made each article herself. Nearly all prospective brides attempt the manufacture of at least one suit of underwear, and she is a fortunate girl who has not waited until this happy time to learn how to cut and make the different pieces. She has saved herself some nervous strain, and, if she has, like the Dutch girl, been gathering a chest full of fine linen of her own making, anticipating the time of need, she is all the better off.

Since we have adopted the French word for underclothing, an added necessity has been laid upon us of having this a little finer, better fitting and a little daintier than of old. Lingerie is an unimaginable word for a combination of coarse cloth, cheap embroidery and careless work.

We may learn many things from the French, the accredited inventors of the artistic and beautiful in mod-



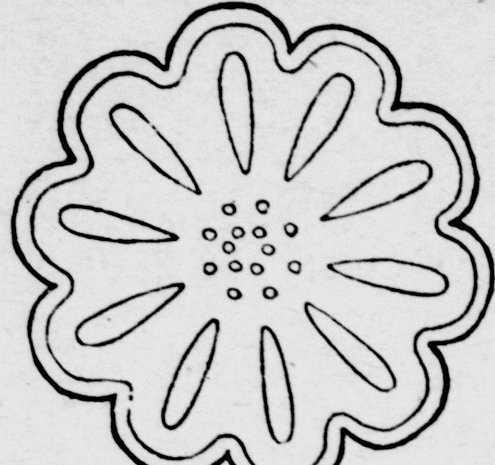
Nightdress Trimmed with Irish Braid.

ern dress, in reference to these matters. The phrase "beautiful underneath" is theirs, and has almost a moral significance. To their minds it is next to impossible to be clothed sound, thoroughly dressed, without giving exact and careful attention to every garment from the first to the last.

To be "beautiful underneath," one's undergarments need not necessarily be artistic creations, but they should be in keeping with the outer dress. If our outer gown or suit is substantial,

everything that goes with it should, in a measure, be that also; but if we wear a lingerie waist or an elaborate dress of muslin, mull, chiffon or embroidery, our smaller garments should be in keeping.

Half of the charm of a lingerie waist is lost if it seems to house crude undergarments. Many a wise woman has denied herself the pleasure of wearing this fascinating garment because she had not the suitable accompaniments, while many a girl in



Medallion in Eyelet

school or shop, having a limited wardrobe throughout, has worn these with any makeshift and on any occasion.

One of the ever-popular and easy designs for embroidery, whether for a hat, a shirt waist, linen collar and cuffs, table mats or for flouncings and other decorations of underwear is the daisy pattern. The flower may have five or a dozen petals, the petals may be in the eyelet or solid, and so with the center, but a combination of the two forms is most effective, perhaps, although very frequently both petals and center are in eyelet. Medallions are made with this pattern, and bands with this figure, scalloped on both edges, make very effective trimmings. It is easy to draw these for one's self and even to add the sprays of eyelet leaves that are often used with them.

For dainty yokes, especially for children's garments, one of the finest things is rows of hemstitching on sheer lawn or linen, half an inch or so apart, with feather-stitching in the space between. Feather-stitching without the hemstitching is very dainty, and may be done in circles of an inch or more in diameter, such as have been used on some of the hand-somest of the tailored shirt waists.

But plain, solid, handsome effects are in no way better secured than by using the braids, especially the narrowest Irish. A night-dress trimmed with this put on with little curls every inch or so, is a very substantial and good-looking garment. This braid also lends itself to the making of the monogram, which is so much used in marking both men's and women's haberdashery. Both the narrow and the wide Irish braids are used on men's and boys' nightshirts.

FOR THE DRESSING TABLE.

Three Articles Which May Almost Be Called Necessities.

The fad for fancy collars and turn-overs has caused a necessity for two new articles on the dressing table—in fact, three, if studs and collar buttons are worn—a long, flat receptacle for the turnovers, a box to hold collars and a smaller box to hold studs. The dressing table is a most elastic piece of furniture. Like the bookcase, it is always full and yet can be made to hold a little more. Its small drawers are a boon to the woman who lacks bureau accommodations, for, on the whole, a long, narrow compartment or drawer is a much more satisfactory place for gloves than a glove-box, which takes up too much space on top, just as veils are much more conveniently and safely preserved folded up and laid away than when left on the bureau twined about a roll. Too many objects on top of a bureau or dressing table is a mistake, both against good taste and comfort. They are in the way when dressing and only too often are not kept as immaculate as they should be. On this account, celluloid, china or ivory utensils are better than silver ones, although the latter are more effective when they are brightly polished. If silver is used a piece of cotton flannel should be kept near at hand so that they may be rubbed off every morning, while once a week they should be cleaned with silver polish.

Sleeves of Chiffon.

A new fancy is making its appearance in fashionable circles. It consists of the short sleeves, being made of chiffon, lace or other delicate fabric, though it may not enter into the composition of the remainder of the bodice. The puff is finished at the elbow with a band of velvet, or one of whatever material the bodice is composed. The effect at first looks odd, for it gives the impression that the dressmaker has run short of bodice material. One model shows a gray-blue soft cloth, with puff sleeves of gray silk mousseline, set into bands of gray velvet below the elbow. At the throat is a vest and collar of the gray mousseline. Yet another smart model is in black silk muslin, embroidered with dots of blue silk. The sleeves are finished at the elbow with bands of blue panne.

FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Two Pretty and Appropriate Garments Illustrated.

The long gown is of dark blue and white cashmere. The fan plaiting of blue silk fills the opening in the back



and also the smaller openings at each side of the front. The jacket fronts are edged with silk and tied with satin ribbon, the front being gathered underneath. The ribbon ties are fastened high in the back and tied low in the front.

The little girl wears a pretty shirred pinafore dress of brown cashmere, trimmed with black velvet and ecru lace.

Baby Weight Card.

A weight card is a pretty idea for the very new baby.

A card six by ten inches is decorated across one corner with a dainty spray of flowers done in water colors. Below this there is a table of ages and weights done in pen and ink, the necessary blank space for filling in the record.

A bit of ribbon is attached to the top of the card, so that it may be hung on the nursery wall.

For a Sore Mouth.

Borax and water make a good wash for a sore mouth.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD

HINTS ON MANY SUBJECTS OF INTEREST.

How Prunes Provide Their Own Sweetening—Effective Way to Hang Pictures—Soda and Water Good for Kitchen Floor.

Need No Sugar.—How many housewives know that prunes require absolutely no sweetening; that if they are cooked slowly for "hours and hours" there is sugar from them that nature provides as a sweetening. In other words "they sweeten themselves." And if cooked long enough are covered with a rich syrup, without one grain of sugar being added to them. The flavor is also improved by this method of cooking them by the oftentimes despised prune sauce becomes an enjoyable addition to the table.

Picture Hanging.—Too little attention is generally given to the hanging of pictures. They should be hung as nearly vertical flat against the wall as possible, and not tipped forward at various angles with the wall. The best effect is given by using two hooks, so that two vertical lines of wire appear instead of the triangular piece resulting when but one hook is used. The effect is more restful in a room where the pictures are hung vertically.

Kitchen Floor Cleaner.—So many people find it hard to keep their kitchen floors in good condition that method may help them. Wash with soda and water. After sprinkling about a heaping teaspoonful of soda on any greasy spots, pour boiling water over it, then take a mop and wipe up the whole floor. This is far more satisfactory than scrubbing, for it will take out grease spots without the use of "elbow grease." This will also keep the floor snowy white as well as clean.

Don't Use Soap.—Never use soap when cleaning oilcloth. It fades the colors, and the paint will soon wear off. Ammonia should also be avoided, because it gives a dull appearance. Take a clean flannel cloth and apply warm water. The oilcloth should then be wiped off with a dry cloth. Skim milk is excellent to use, and will give the oilcloth a gloss. If a brush is used it should be a soft one, but it is better not to use any.

Care of Rubber Shoes.—To make rubber shoes wear longer, from the tops of old rubber shoes cut pieces the shape of a heel. Smear these pieces on the lining side with thick mullage, or any sticky substance, and place in the heels of rubbers, pressing down firmly. These protectors prevent the rubber from receiving the direct pressure of the boot heels, and can be renewed when they show the least signs of wear.

Cleaning Furniture.—Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soapsuds, quickly wiped dry and then rubbed with an oily cloth. A good polish is made by mixing three parts of linseed oil and one part of spirits of turpentine. Apply with a woolen cloth, and when dry rub well with a dry woolen cloth. This is especially good polish for scratched or marred furniture, and will restore the color and luster to varnish.

WHEN YOU CLEAN THE STOVE.

Some Simple Observances That Will Lighten Labor.

The kitchen stove can be cleaned with newspapers; but when cleaning do it thoroughly. Many tops of stoves receive a daily polish and yet the sides are covered with dust and grease.

Let the oven be thoroughly cleaned with a brush kept for that purpose, then nicely washed, and your bread and cake will have a purer flavor.

Never leave dust or grease remains of former bakings on your oven doors. A newspaper will remove all of these; a wet cloth will complete the cleaning.

In cleaning the cook stove, do not forget to keep the pipe clean within and without—an important point to bear in mind.

Macaroon Custard.

Have in readiness nine or ten macaroons that have been soaked in a quarter cup of sherry. Add to the soaked macaroons the yolks of two eggs beaten lightly, a cup and a half of milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar and one tablespoonful each macaroon and bread crumbs. Butter the blazer slightly, turn in the custard, set over the hot water pan, cover and cook from 20 to 30 minutes. When about half done, whip the whites of the two eggs stiff with two tablespoonfuls sugar and two teaspoonfuls lemon juice, and pile lightly on top of custard. Recover and finish the cooking.

Fine Baked Potatoes.

For stuffed baked potatoes select those of medium size, and bake them in their skins until they are nearly done, cut nearly through the potato at one end, scoop out a little from the center, and fill the hollow space with a thin slice of fried bacon, tightly rolled. Close down the half-severed end of the potato, return to the oven, and finish baking.

Ribbon Interwoven with Tinsel.—Silken material interwoven with tinsel is best cleaned with bread crumbs and powdered blue, then shaken and rubbed with a clean cloth, tinsel or gold lace with liquid ammonia.

To Prevent Rusty Fireirons.—Fireirons during the summer should be rubbed over with a rag moistened with vaseline and sweet oil. This will quite prevent rust.

LIMIT HAD BEEN REACHED.

Why Josiah Did Not Take Unto Himself a Fourth Helpmate.

Many years ago Josiah N. settled on a farm in Connecticut near the sound. After the death of his wife he erected a square white marble tombstone, on which was inscribed: "Amelia, wife of"

Not long afterward he married again, but his second wife did not long survive, and to save expense he



Declined to Be Number 4.

divided the original stone and the slab recorded the name of "Harriet, the second wife of."

And yet again did he take unto himself a wife who also lived but a few years and was laid away with the others. And yet again was Amelia relieved of some of the weight of marble that pressed the sod above her to make a tablet for "Sarah, third beloved wife."

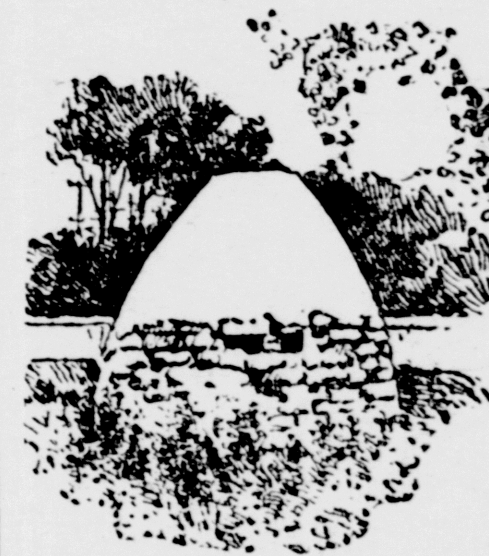
Not long afterward he proposed to a dressmaker who had been accustomed to fashion garments at his house during his three domestic dynasties. She requested a little time to consider. A week later when he called for her answer, she said:

"Well, I guess I'll hev to decline, Josiah, for I've been up to the cemetery and there ain't one of them stones th'ell split."

EVERY HOUSE HAS ASH PIT

To Prevent the Wind From Blowing Live Coals Around.

Among the objects that invariably attract the attention of tourists in Denver are the ash pits at every house. These are made necessary by the character of the coal commonly used for domestic purposes and by the high winds that prevail. The ashes of the lignite coal so extensively burned hold the heat for an extraordinary length of time, remaining red-hot for many hours, or if kept from the air, for days after passing through the grate bars. It is evident that if these red-hot ashes are thrown out in back yards or vacant lots the high winds that sweep across



Household Ash Pit.

the plains would scatter them broadcast, making them a constant menace to the eyes and clothing of passers by, as well as to inflammable property of every kind. Every house is therefore required by city ordinance to be provided with an ash pit, shaped like an old fashioned bake oven, with small openings at the top through which the ashes are thrown. Another opening in one side at the bottom permits their removal when the pit is full.

EARLY ON THE WRONG PATH.

From London Comes Story of Youthful "Bunco Steerer."

An amusing story of the wiles of a boy confidence-trickster was told recently in a London (Eng.) police court, where Frederick Martin, 17 years old, was charged with obtaining money by trickery from several younger boys. Evidence was given which indicated that Martin has been doing a large business as a "bunco" man for a long time. Two boys had three weeks' wages in their pockets, when Martin introduced himself to them as the son of a horsekeeper, and said his father had given him a herd of young goats. The sanitary inspector, he explained, objected to his keeping so many of them, and he had to get rid of some, so he offered to give a goat to each of the boys. They all went to the mews where Martin said the goats were, and on the way Martin explained that it was necessary to show the kids some round discs, to coax them to leave their mother. He said that shillings would do and the boys changed their wages into shillings and handed them to Martin, who entered the stable with them and disappeared. When they became uneasy and asked one of the stablemen where the goat were, he told them that several other boys had been asking the same question.

A LOTTERY PRIZE

By R. ARTHUR

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One afternoon, on getting home from the office, I found May waiting at the door in a state of intense excitement.

"Fred!" she screamed, before I got to the gate, "where is that ticket?"

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, you have lost it! I know you have! And I shall never get anything again I wanted so much."

As she seemed about to dissolve into tears I made a dash up the steps.

I felt instinctively that our neighbor, Mrs. Markey, was peeping at us from behind the curtains next door.

"Now dear," I began, when I had closed the door, "you mustn't excite yourself, you know you mustn't."

"But Fred," she sobbed, "we've won a prize—a magnificent mahogany suite; but we won't get it now you've lost the ticket."

I suddenly remembered. In spite of my objections May had bought a ticket in the grand Hibernian Lodge lottery, and the suite she talked about must be the second prize. I ran into the dining-room, and a few minutes' search unearthed a flaring red ticket.

After the first joy of gaining something at the expense of other people, the question arose, what was to be done? Our house of five rooms and a kitchen was fully furnished. The furniture meant my savings for two years before our marriage. We really had not room for anything else. I timidly suggested that we should try and get the suite changed into money. May turned on me with a fine scorn in her eye.

"You never want to have things look nice," she cried. "Why we have nothing decent in the house."

This was rather hard on the furniture I had given up cigars and the theater for. But it didn't do to argue with May. So it was soon settled, and that evening we proceeded to the Metropolitan furnishing store to view the suite. The sight of it made my heart sink. It would have done for a palace. May was in raptures.

She hurried me home, and we were soon in our room arranging where the things should be put. Our room was 14 feet square. It had two small windows side by side, and even with the modest furniture in it there was barely space to move about. But the matter presented no difficulties to May.

"The wardrobe will stand here nicely; and the washstand there, Freddie," she said. (She always called me Freddie when pleased). "And the dressing-table will fit in beautifully between the windows."

I had my doubts, but said nothing. There was little breakfast next morning, for May and the girl had been engaged from daybreak in clearing out the old suite and devising places to store it away. She scouted my idea that we might sell it, and said it would do for the spare room when we got one.

When I arrived home at three o'clock I found the van already at the door and a small crowd of onlookers around it. May was standing, flushed and excited at the gate.

"Oh, Fred, what shall we do?" she cried; "they can't get the wardrobe in."

As it was, there were four men on our narrow staircase wrestling with the washstand and using the profanest language. They had smashed the lamp in the hall, and the plaster all along was furrowed like a cornfield.

By some miracle of handling, known only to furniture men, they negotiated the turning, and the washstand had reached its destination. That was the top landing. The men tried coaxing and violence, tilted it on end, rammed it at the bedroom door in all sorts of impossible angles, but it would not be put through. So it was left where it was.

We held a hurried consultation in the garden over the fate of the wardrobe. It was out of the question to attempt the stairs with it. The head furniture man announced that it would have to be hoisted in by the window. As the apparatus to do this was not at hand, it was left all night in the garden covered by a tarpaulin.

May was in ecstasy. She had seen Mrs. Markey's face, green with envy, at the window.

In the morning we were invaded early by a gang of men with ropes and pulleys, and the wardrobe was soon dangling between heaven and earth. All the people in the street were at their windows, for the man directing the operation had a voice like a fog-horn.

What an idiot the fellow was! It had never struck him to use his measuring tape. When the wardrobe was got up to the balcony, it would no more go through the window than the washstand through the door. So it had to be lowered over again. May was half crying with vexation.

"Bring it into the dining-room," she said; "we will make that our room, Fred, and have meals upstairs."

Mrs. Markey and her husband were enjoying it immensely. I could have strangled them.

I ordered the men to bring the thing in by the front door, and caught one of them winking at the other, as he said: "All right, guv'nor."

Of course the thing drew up in the hall, and refused to budge. I might have known it. It was lucky the door could shut.

I gulped down some tea that had

been made an hour before, jibed at a chop that had been cooked at the same time, and went off to town in a rage.

At dinner that evening May was unusually affectionate. And she looked so pretty that I ground down my hatred of the suite as unworthy of the husband of so adorable a wife.

She was wanting to say something, and it came out at last.

"Darling, we must have a new carpet for our room."

"A new carpet?" I cried; "what is wrong with the one we have?"

"Oh, you know well enough how shabby it is. And Mrs. Wright was here to-day, and said we must really have one to match the suite."

"Anything else?" I inquired grimly.

"Oh, she knows a place where we can get a set for the washstand for almost nothing."

"But, my dear girl," I expostulated, "what would be the use of it? We can't perform our ablutions on the stairs."

"I wish you would not try to be sarcastic," said my wife, with dignity; "it does not suit you."

"Neither does the suite," I joked feebly.

May withered me with a glance.

In two or three minutes I was



She Was Wanting to Say Something.

routed horse and foot, and had to surrender unconditionally and May was smoothing down my hair by calling me "her own boy."

A week passed. I grew quite expert in the various ways of getting into bed and learnt to a nicety the course to be steered round the wardrobe.

But May was not happy. The position of the wardrobe and the washstand, which latter I was using to store my collars and shirts on, was a daily heartbreak to her. She grew silent and listless, and I cursed the day that brought that ticket into my possession.

One evening, at last, the burden seemed to have been lifted. After a good deal of desultory talk she announced carelessly that she had been out all day looking for another house, and had almost decided on one.

It was a gloomy-looking house in a side street, a house only fit for dying in. But the rooms were immense, and I saw at once that was the attraction for my wife.

The suite would be in its glory in the big bedroom, though I chuckled to myself how the other furniture would look. We moved in at the end of the month, washstand, wardrobe and all.

We had meals in a dining-room whose vastness was accentuated by our small table and sideboard which rose as islands in this ocean of bareness. Our oleographs, which had passed for oil-paintings in the old house, now gave the finishing touch of the ridiculous to the gigantic hall. And the new bedroom carpet served as a rug in the suite room.

But May was at peace. The light had come back to her eyes. I was beginning to settle down under the new regime when the end came.

One day I got a telegram at the office from May. It said, "Come at once." I rushed home in a hansom with the fear clutching at my heart that something had happened to my darling.

There was nearly a collision at the street corner with a furniture-van, which bore something which gleamed and glittered in the sunlight. The flower bed by the garden path was trodden down as if there had been a fight over it. The front door was open. I rushed in, and then, as I heard loud sobs upstairs, flew to the bedroom. May was lying on the bed weeping and refusing to be comforted by the maid—and the suite was gone.

We are back now in the old house, and there is another inmate who has replaced the suite in May's affection. I admire him very much, too, but he has a reprehensible habit of turning night into day, and insisting that some one else should keep him company.

The reason for the disappearance of the suite was that the treasurer of the Hibernian Lottery had absconded without paying for any of the prizes, and so the furnishing store had sent down for their suite. It was altogether illegal, and could have brought them into serious trouble. But I did not tell May this.

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, Editor and Owner
HOWARD PARKER, Associate Editor

Entered as second-class mail matter March 26, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary election.

- For United States Senator
HENRY M. FURMAN
M. L. TURNER
ROY HOFFMAN
T. P. GORE
ROBERT L. OWEN
- For Governor
C. N. HASKELL
- Jorney General
E. G. MCADAMS
- For State Treasurer
J. A. MENEFFEE
- For State Superintendent of Public Instruction
E. D. CAMERON
- For State Corporation Commissioner
J. J. MALESTER
A. P. WATSON
P. J. MCGINLEY
- For Justice of Supreme Court
ROBERT L. WILLIAMS
S. C. TREADWELL
- For Clerk of Supreme Court
E. C. PATTON
W. H. L. CAMPBELL
- For Congress
CHARLEY D. CARTER
D. H. LINEBAUGH
F. W. SKILLERN
CHAS. E. McPHERREN
R. SARLLS
- For District Judge
A. T. WEST
JAMES H. CHAMBERS
- For State Senator
REUBEN M. RODDIE
J. W. DEAN
OTIS B. WEAVER
- For State Representative.
RANDOLPH LAURENCE.
FRANK HUDDLESTON.
- For Flotiorial Representative
E. S. RATLIFF
- For County Judge
J. P. WOOD
JOEL TERRELL
- For County Attorney
ROBT WIMBISH
B. C. KING
- For Sheriff
ROBERT NESTER
A. A. (GUS) BOBBITT
L. E. (LEM) MITCHELL
JAMES D. GAAR
J. E. (ED) FUSSELL
T. J. SMITH
- For County Clerk
C. A. (CHARLIE) POWERS
W. S. (SAM) KERR
M. F. DEW.
- For District Clerk
W. T. COX
W. D. LOWDEN.
- For County Treasurer
J. C. CATES
C. K. DAVENPORT
J. K. SCROGGIN
- For Register of Deeds
A. C. BRAY
GARY KITCHENS
C. C. HARGIS
A. L. MILES.
- For County Surveyor
GEORGE TRUETT.
- For County Supt. of Public Instruction.
BASCOM T. LAWSON
T. F. PIERCE, of Roff.
- For County Commissioner
District No. 1.
JOHN D. RINARD
District No. 2.
R. L. (BOB) WALKER)
JOHN B. STEWART
L. F. TULLY.
C. W. FLOYD.
F. C. KRIEGER
District No. 3.
ED. L. THOMPSON.
J. W. VADEN
- For Justice of the Peace, Ada, Precinct
W. H. NETTLES
H. J. BROWN
GEORGE DAVIDSON
W. H. FISHER
Chickasaw Township No. 2.
A. GAYLOR
- For Trustee, Chickasaw Township No. 2
F. L. JOHNSON
H. P. MERRYMAN
- For Constable Ada Precinct
SID RIEDEL
J. M. RANEY
- For Constable Chickasaw Township No. 2
E. C. SULLIVAN.
- For Constable, Francis Township No. 3
A. F. DILLARD, of Ahloso.
JAMES W. LILLARD.
- For State Commissioner of Charities
MISS KATE BARNARD
- For County Weigher
CHARLES A. THOMAS

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE

Hereby is announced, the Mason rug Co. a candidate for the Most pular Drug Store in Pontotoc mty, subject to the action and proval of all people who want JRE DRUGS, HONEST PRICES, da SQUARE DEAL. And this adidate will be an easy winner!

Fifty Years the Standard

DR.
PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
A Cream of Tartar Powder
Made from Grapes
NO ALUM

Andrew Carnegie

Says the best way to accumulate money is to resolutely save and bank a fixed portion of your income, no matter how small the amount.
Suppose you follow the advice of Carnegie who started in life poor and open an account with

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PERSONAL MENTION

Dr. Logan was in Stonewall yesterday.

Wright and Berry, tailors, next door to postoffice, for high class work. 48-tt

Earnest Pritchlynn returned yesterday morning from a visit to Konawa on business.

"Married for Millions" at the Electric theatre tonight.

T. Sutton, business manager of the Times at Holdenville, and Carl Stanford, a druggist, were here from Holdenville over Sunday visiting with friends.

Lee Eddleman and his cousin, Miss Irene, went to Ardmore yesterday morning to be present at the wedding of a friend.

J. E. Grigsby, candidate for district judge, went down into the Atoka country Sunday morning.

A complete change of program to night at the Electric theatre. New songs and new pictures.

H. J. Johnson of Connorsville, was in Ada Saturday visiting relatives.

Contractor Lumsden of the dam site, returned yesterday morning from a business trip to Oklahoma City.

Will Neatherly is home from his two month's trip through Texas selling clothing. He will remain in Ada for some time.

Mrs. H. M. Furman went to Oklahoma City yesterday afternoon to meet Judge Furman and visit a few days.

Don't fail to see the beautiful scenes on the Hudson River tonight at the Electric theatre.

Nelson Harkins of Franks, was in Ada today trading.

Rev. Newton Johnson, pastor of the High Hill church near Ada, is here on business today.

Chapman Brand Shoes

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE
GUARANTEED PATENT

\$5

We have the finest line of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes in Ada. You will get better satisfaction and save money in buying shoes at our exclusive shoe store.

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man

LOST AND STILL LOSING

Because You Don't Trade at

The Nickel Store

You will still loose money if you don't take advantage of some of the extra good values we are offering.

Soaps—We have a line of fine Toilet Soaps, Violet, Glycerine and Almond Cream Soap, 8c a cake.

White Rose and Old Fashioned Butter Milk Soap, 5c a cake.

Grandpa's Wonder Soap, 5c ounce cake, 5c.

Long Bar Hard Water Soap, 5c a bar.

Laundry Soap, Silk or Swiss, 3 cakes 10

Faultless Starch, 8c per package.

Eagle Lye, 4 cans 25c.

Petroleum Jelly or vasoline, 2 oz. 5c, 5 ounces 10c.

Talcum Powders, 5c and 10c.

Arm and Hammer Brand Soda, pound packages 4 for 25c.

2 ounce extracts, good quality, Lemmon, Vanilla, Orange, and Strawberry, 10c per bottle.

Nutmegs 2 for 1c.

Gag Bluing, Red Cross, 2 boxes for 5c.

Don't miss us for fruit jars, fruit jar caps and fruit jar rubbers.

Covered lunch baskets ranging in price from 10c to 25c.

See our line of Glassware, Queensware Tinware, enameled-ware, etc.

Saturday Next we are going to sell while they last another lot of those good brooms at 10c each, sold with 25c worth of other goods, and one to a customer.

We solicit your business,

The Nickel Store and China Hall.

The 5c and 10c Store of Ada
S. M. SHAW, Prop.

Chas. Carter, candidate for congress from this district, was in Ada this morning on his way to Roff where he delivers a speech tonight.

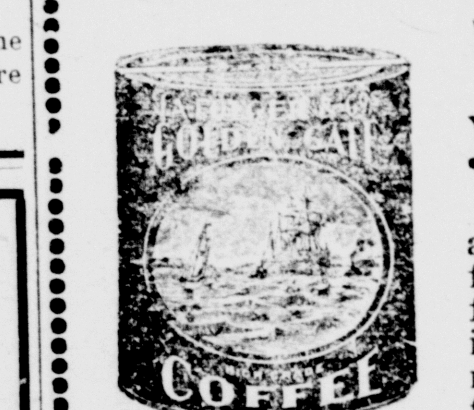
Dan Regan, a transfer man from Stonewall, was in Ada today on business.

Geo. Underwood, a prosperous farmer living out three miles east of Ada, is here today trading.

A. Vogt, manager at the brick plant was in The News office this morning and showed us some sovenir post cards he had received from his wife who is visiting her old home in Switzerland. They were very unique, but beautiful and attractive. Mrs. Vogt started on her return trip to America June 1st.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves regulates the bowels, aids the kidneys, cures stomach troubles, builds up the nervous force and repairs the ill effects of over eating. Tea or Tablets, 35c.
—G. M. Ramsey.

Notice.
All occupation license expired June 1st, so please call and renew same.
Jesse Warren,
Recorder, Assessor and Collector.
53-3t.



Folger's Celebrated Golden Gate Coffee,

Tea, Extracts and Spices

ARE SOLD ON MERIT
in air-tight tins.

TRY THESE BRANDS.

Moss and Scribner,
Sole Agents



TO DO Good

Medicines must contain potent ingredients.

Medicines we compound are prepared from pure, standard strength drugs, which are guaranteed under the "Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30, 1906."

That's why our prescription work is so satisfactory to physicians.

Medicines put up here will have the effect your doctor desires.

GWIN, MAYS & CO.
THE DRUGGISTS

TO MAKE ADA IMMACULATE

Continued on Page 1.)

president was accepted, and a vote of thanks to her for the interest in and help given the Federation during her term of office. Mrs. Bent Mason was chosen president by acclamation.

Mrs. Sledge was elected second vice president, Mrs. Chauncey, corresponding secretary and treasurer, and Mrs. Bills, auditor.

Chairman of all committees will please be present to report at next regular meeting the last Saturday in June with Mrs. Chauncey, secretary.

WANTED—A cook. Mrs. E. W. Hardin.

LOST—Ladies gold watch. "Emma" engraved on inside and "C" on outside. Return to News office, and receive reward. 63-1

Miss Clara Randel of Luther, Okla., and Miss Ollie Wilson of Francis, visited E. W. Hardin's family Sunday night and Monday.

S. J. Armstrong and family who moved to Tennessee about a month ago to reside until September, could not stay away that long and returned to Ada this morning.

Miss Minnie Granger, of Chamols, Mo., is in Ada for a visit with her brothers, Dr. and Prof. Granger.

Prof. Granger had the misfortune Saturday to run a nail in his foot, and is still confined to his room.

The W. C. T. U. will meet 3 p. m. Wednesday, with Mrs. Ed Brents instead of Tuesday. Members will please note the change. Convention program must be finished this week.
By order Corresponding Secretary.

Deputy Marshal Brents Saturday night received word that there were three booze peddlers at Tyrola with al lthe goods they could carry in three wagons. They asked that Ed send a man there. Over the phone Ed authorized several Tyrola men to go and capture the men. They agreed to hold the fellows until a marshal could arrive Sunday morning. Brents had word Sunday that the fellows had opened fire on the pursuers and had completely put them to route. Thus Ed lost some big game.

How to live on 15 cents a day. The mind as well as the body is benefitted by economy in eating. There's no health giver like a diet of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. In a startling way it keeps you going. 35c, Tea or Tablets.
—G. M. Ramsey.

CAPITOL HILL LOTS ON EASY PAYMENT PLAN

Capitol Hill

Acres will be best residence property. Close in; shade trees on every street

Beard & Blanks

Office 1st Door West Harris Hotel

(AN OLD AND LSTABLISHED HOUSE)

ARMSTRONG, BYRD & CO

OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Have been established in the PIANO and ORGAN business in Oklahoma and Indian Territories for ten years. They are the largest music house in the Southwest, and carry a magnificent line of thirty-two of the best known and most reliable makes of Pianos. They sell from \$50.00 to \$75.00 cheaper than any other firm sell Pianos of the same grade and quality.

IF I THE MARKET FOR A PIANO FIGURE WITH THEM

We keep a full line of prescription goods.
We know how and can fill any prescription.
We don't substitute.
We deliver.

Crescent Drug Store

Dr. F. Z. Holley, Prop.

The Long Distance Telephone

USE IT TODAY
AND SAVE DELAY

Other ways of transacting your affairs cannot compare with it in
HIGH VALUE LOW PRICE QUICK SERVICE
Tis the comprehensive means of communication.

PIONEER TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.

Telephone Directory.

The New Telephone Directory is being prepared for the Printer. We want your name to appear correctly. Any changes you desire, notify the Manager.

PIONEER TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

AVOID CONFUSION

Administrators, Guardians and others, may avoid confusions, from the mingling of private and trust funds, by opening separate accounts at this bank. Drop in and let us talk over this important matter.

Ada National Bank

Ada, Ind T.

Our Stockholders have a combined wealth of over \$500,000.00.

Pianos We have just received several late styles and would be glad to have you call and inspect.

Organs We can sell you a good organ from \$25 to \$100. \$5 down and \$2 per month. You'll have to hurry.

Sewing Machines A few high grade ball bearing White Sewing Machines at \$22.50 while they last.

Sheet Music We are receiving new music every day. Come and try it on our pianos. Tell us your music troubles. Let us reason together.

Matthews Music Co.

Main Street

The Income Tax is Equitable and Just

By HON. ALTON B. PARKER.



I believe that every state in the union ought to have an income tax.

The federal government has sometimes levied a tax on incomes.

There are, of course, many inherent difficulties in the levy and collection of such a tax in this country, where the people are so much less settled in population than in the old country, but it remains for the state to provide for the collection of its revenues by such methods as will operate best for the general interest. These methods must be practical—that is to say, they must be such as can be enforced without serious mischief, and such as will provide the revenue.

But when the question is: "What is and what is not practical?" apparent fairness and equality as between individuals are of the highest importance.

To the common mind no rule seems to be more just and fair than that persons should be taxed for the support of the state or government in proportion to the revenue—that is, not income—they enjoy under its protection.

Such a rule combines the idea of the value of government with that of ability to bear the burden. It seems to be as just and fair as any that is capable of enforcement, and, as it approves itself to the common mind, it seems to be one which public policy and the best interests of the state can justify and sanction.

Thought the Great Disease Breeder

By DR. CHARLES GILBERT DAVIS.

the hair gray in a single night; if it can force tears from the eyes; if it can in an instant produce great bodily weakness; if it can produce insomnia; if, as has often occurred, it can bring instantaneous death—then is it not natural for us to conclude, without further argument, that it may bring about a more or less continuous derangement of the physical organism, which we call disease?

On every hand we note instances where the action of the mind both produces and perpetuates disease. Indeed, I can truthfully say, after an observation of many years in the practice of medicine, that a majority of the cases of illness which come under the daily observation of the physician are largely due to the condition of the mind.

It is not unusual for some one returning from the funeral of a loved one to be taken ill and in a few days follow that one to the grave. What causes this death? Depressing thought.

Mother hears of some calamity having befallen her child. She goes into a collapse, fever follows and she is near the gates of death. Was it not a thought that produced this illness?

A man is seated at a banquet table, full of health and happiness and blessed with a good appetite.

A message is brought to him that his family has been drowned in a flood. He turns pale; his appetite deserts him and his strength is gone. Soon he is in a delirium and ill. All the functions of the body are deranged; a doctor is called and names his disease. But is it not true that this man's disease has been produced by what he thought?

I have seen the most wonderful effects follow a fit of anger. After an outburst of passion the function of every gland in the body is impaired. Fine and again I have observed acute illness in an infant where it was permitted to nurse immediately after the mother had been engaged in a quarrel, and on more than one such occasion I have seen death follow in a few hours.

Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely, and every observant physician has a mental store of such cases.

A String of Thought Pearls

By CARMEN SYLVA.

sions, of our most ardent desires, and walk in the way we would never have chosen.

Life is a stuff spun and woven by our hands; others will cut it and shape it, others again deck themselves with it.

The Fountain of Youth is work; woe to him who ceases to plunge therein.

By the side of tombs only kindly and courteous words are spoken; let us treat our friends like tombs.

A lost battle is often worth many victories; a victorious war may bring deep-seated loss to the nation that rejoiced for a conquest.

This life is but an image of the true life, a reflection of what the soul attains to in the Beyond, of what only the death of the body shall reveal.

It is so good to be beautiful, and so beautiful to be good that it is a sad mistake not to be the one by sheer force of being the other.

One word has before now traversed the centuries and stirred hearts anew in every successive generation; why be content to chatter like the poplar to the passing wind instead of sowing abroad words that will endure?

All lives are beautiful in which the sovereign thought has been for others.

What is called luck or fortune is only the gift of recognizing when our hour strikes, of not taking the hand from the plow until the Angelus sounds.



The Woman Thrown on Her Own Resources.

By Mrs. Bessie Hooker

What a Woman "Brought Up to Do Nothing" May Accomplish—Burying One's Personality—"Sentiment a Forgotten Art" in New York—The Work of Dressing and Studying Women—Members of the Leisure Class Should Not "Play at Work"

(Copyright, by Joseph H. Bowles.)

(Mrs. Bessie Stewart Hooker, daughter of Senator Stewart of Nevada, is a fine example of what is possible of accomplishment to a woman brought up in luxury and idleness when by the turn of fortune's wheel it becomes necessary for her to enter the list of bread winners. For some years previous to undertaking her present line of work, that of importer and buyer of women's gowns and lingerie, she conducted a chicken farm on a portion of her father's cattle ranch in Virginia. Many of her present patrons are the women of the millionaire set, her old-time friends in society, when Castle Stewart in Washington was the center of brilliant and gay entertaining. But on this factor she has not reckoned for success, having joined the world's workers from the common-sense business point of view.)

This subject is a difficult one to write about, since by many persons it is viewed in many changeable lights. My point of view is that of a woman who, having never been in trade and knowing absolutely nothing relating thereto, suddenly finds herself obliged to earn her own living.

When one considers the matter, it seems at first as if there was absolutely nothing that could be undertaken by a woman educated and brought up to do nothing. Take my own case, which is, I think, the only one I really understand. It required a long time and many experiments for me to realize what I was really capable of. Having done so, the next thing in order was to bury my own personality, to think of nothing but my work and ultimate success. I was not to spare myself in any manner. I was to have one object and to make all aims and ambitions, every energy and power of the mind center in that one thing. There was nothing I did not study and sometime try, from running a stock farm in Virginia to writing plays that were never accepted. To undertake to write of the number of things I studied would take too long. At last I found that of which I was really capable. It was the task of conducting a place where women could find almost everything with which to adorn themselves—since in the world at large "women's dress is always interesting."

Business in New York is different from business in any other place. First there is more money to be made there, as all the world goes to New York. But there are thousands to compete with—thousands who know what business means—thousands who understand business in all its phases. Sentiment is a forgotten art. You are obliged to stand by yourself, to have and bring forth new ideas and new things quicker than your neighbor. For the buyers see only what you have to offer them, not who or what you are. They care nothing for your ancestors, they want their money's worth, and if you fail to give it to them they go elsewhere.

If a woman who has always had everything she desired, who has been petted and made much of, who has seen society from all its different points, who has had everything that position, money and youth could give her, can simply forget herself; if she is willing to be patient and interested in all those who come to her and is not afraid of work, that woman will succeed.

It is a hard lesson, but one that can be learned if one is determined and has only the one object in view—"to be a success no matter what obstacles present themselves."

When you have attained that you feel triumphant through and through, and when you look back at the dark hours they seem almost brilliant, for you know they have helped you and given you energy—made you more determined.

It is a wonderful feeling to know that you are independent of the world and that you owe it nothing. What you have accomplished is due solely to your own intelligent efforts. I mean those who enter into enterprises of their own and are not working on salaries. That is, of course, quite another thing.

In New York there is a field for every one, but in order to win one must be, or strive to be, better than the rest. It is like a stimulant and inspires one to do well. The competition here is something undreamed of elsewhere. Thousands of men and women are in the same line as yourself and they, for the most part, having done nothing else since they were born, understand work in all its branches. The line that I have taken up is interesting to me, for I handle what is beautiful work and once I enter the doors of my workshop I am oblivious to all else but my work, "dressing and studying women."

I shall always remember the first time I saw a woman pass with some of the things on that I had made for her. It seemed so unreal that I was almost on the verge of tears, but soon all sentimental feeling passed and I

was very glad to see many of my things worn—the more the better. Women's wearing apparel is always interesting, for one has to combine colors, make models, handle beautiful fabrics from all over the world, and this is extremely attractive to the feminine mind. When you have succeeded in making a homely woman with a bad figure look less plain, or a pretty woman blossom into greater beauty there is a positive excitement in the experience. I believe nobody really works well who is not obliged to. If one is not always followed by that fearful monster, necessity, I do not think one does as well. But when one realizes that it is imperative not to be lazy, that each day counts, and that if there is failure in that day's duty one will suffer later on, the thought spurs one to more energetic action, and the start is bravely made in forgetfulness of storm or cold.

If a woman is obliged to work New York is her best sphere of action and she should give herself entirely up to the undertaking if she wishes to accomplish anything. But if she can take life easily then let her do so in every sense of the word, for she will then find it her duty to make herself charming to those near and dear, bringing comfort and happiness into her surroundings and letting the hardships of labor be borne by those who, obliged to work, will not thus be unduly shouldered out of the field. To be sheltered and protected from the ungracious side of life is woman's greatest blessing where this is possible of accomplishment.

To women seeking employment in New York I will say that there is a large field for all and if circumstances make it imperative that work be done every energy should be brought to bear on whatever is undertaken. With determination to conquer all obstacles, success will surely be won. Do not enter into any line of work to pursue it as a fad or simply for something to do. The world is full of those to whom work is a necessity and they should not be forced to the wall by members of the leisure class playing at work. Whatever the undertaking, whether in New York or elsewhere, enter upon it with earnestness and untiring zeal. To the woman who does this, no matter what her bringing up or her previous status in the world, there is inevitably before her the great and beautiful word—success.

THE BILL COLLECTOR'S DREAM.

He Only Imagined That the Skinflint Paid Him.

The bookkeeper was jollying the bill collector. "Do you ever make any collections?" he asked lightly.

"Do I? Well, I should smile," replied the collector. "Know that old balance for \$50, don't you, against Goldstein? Yes? Well, I got it in last night, and a ten dollar bill to boot. Made an all night job of it."

"Don't say," replied the amazed bookkeeper.

"Yep; went after it about 12 o'clock last night and finally landed the mazzuma. The junk shop was all lit up, you know, and there was a gang of fellows hanging around the office door, and all of 'em kicking. Reminded me of the angry mob at a Gillis melodrama. The funny part of it was, they were all collectors."

"I butted in. 'What's up, boys?'"

"He's in there," replied a collector from Evans & Co. "And we're after blood or money."

"Let's get both," says I. "I'm with you."

"Well, sir," proceeded the bill collector, scratching the mud from his coat, "we made a dash for the door—it was locked, you know—and bust it to splinters; didn't last as long as a snowball in—In July. Then we made a rush for that old skeelsick. He always was a naughty sort of an ass, you know, and treated a collector as he would a book agent. But he got his all right. Fun? Why, it was better than looping the loop. The old villain's clerks were there, too, but when he hollered for help they just sneered and gave him the Roman act—turned their thumbs down, you know."

"Then came the crowning glory," continued the collector, with a righteous flush on his face. "One of the pirates found a big roll of money in the victim's pocket, and a big roar went up."

"Divy up! Divy up!" shouted a dozen voices at once.

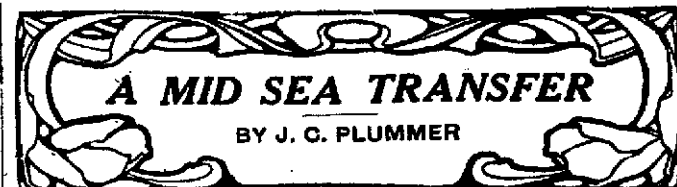
"So I grabbed the roll of money and peddled it out. I kept the \$50 for our balance and \$10 for myself and then—then the alarm broke loose and I came away. It was only a dream, you know."

The Corners of the Home.

Few women realize the decorative possibilities of corners. The result is that even in pretty and artistic rooms the corners are too often left bare, the walls being allowed to meet in hard straight lines and nothing to break the monotony.

In a small room it is not advisable to fill up or cut off these corners by putting large pieces of furniture diagonally across them, for this simply diminishes the apparent size of the room. It will be found that hanging furniture will fill the need admirably, for a small cabinet or bookshelf can be readily suspended, and by its very construction serve to break the awkwardness of the corner in a very satisfactory manner.

Of course when it comes to hanging heavier pieces of furniture, the picture molding is found inadequate, so screw-eyes, or ring bolts, are fastened to the floor beams above.



(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was an easy afternoon's watch on the forecabin as a fair wind came freshly astern and every sail was drawing. We were just commenting on the Adams' yarn about the finding of the dead sailor in his own sea chest, when Pat Cannon broke in.

"Ye can't count anything extraordinary at sea," he said, "I had a quare experience, once, on the brig Manitou."

"Give it to us, Pat," we cried in chorus.

"Ye see," began Pat, cramming down the tobacco in a vile smelling pipe with his stubby forefinger, "I was on the brig Manitou and we had loaded a cargo of bones at Rosario on the La Plata, bound for Baltimore. In Argentina there's lots of horses and cattle killed for their hides and tallow to say nothing of making a pile of hafe extract which they do at Frey Bentos. The bones they pile up on the pampas until there's a chance of shipping them to America where they grind 'em up for fertilizer."

"We loaded some 400 ton all shapes and sizes and there was nothing out of the way with the bones save their nasty musty smell, but by the time we had pulled up half way to the equator we found we had shipped more than bones. The brig was alive with cintipedes. I don't know if they were sitting in the middle of the bones hatching their eggs or only taking a slape, but out they came and millions of 'em. When at first only a few came out we laughed at the quick moving things, but when the decks were smothered with 'em laughing was stopped and swearing taken up."

"Well, it was mane enough to have the blooming things crawling over one's bunk, one's food and one's hair, but when they got to biting thin it became serious. Although it was blistering hot we were all wearing sea boots as if we was a coming to the north pole instead of to the equator. Thin a deppytation goes aft."

"We can't stand it, sorr," we sez to the skipper, "these bugs are biting us and we'd ask you to put into some handy port so we can get rid of 'em," we sez.

"The nearest port we can make," sez the skipper, "is Rio Grande and I don't want to put in there for it's a very expensive place. I'll smoke the craytures out," sez he.

"We took some brimstone and set it afire, thin we lowers it down the hatch and shuts up all the holes and crivices we could find but Glory be, there's where we made a mistake. We druv 'em out of the hold into the cabin, the forecabin and on deck. The brimstone couldn't kill 'em only druv 'em out. Iverwhere cintipedes, nothing but cintipedes."

"Thin we stopped up the hawse holes and rigged the pump so as to flood the deck and drown the insects, but bless your soul thin the water came they climbed the rigging like able-bodied seamen and stayed up there 'till we had to let the water off."

"Well, then we didn't know what to do; the skipper was worried too for the cintipedes were all over the cabin and when about noon we sights a sail he ordered the distress signal to be bent to the halliards and slat aloft. The vessel, a bark it was, hove to and sent a boat to us. When it reached us we cast a painter to it but the officer didn't make any move to board us. He gives a squint up at the spars and asks:

"'What's wrong wid ye? Ye look all right aloft.'"

"'I'm a sukk'rin,' sez the skipper, in reply, 'wid a pistle of bugs and I want your advice and help.'"

"'Bugs,' screams the man in the boat, 'what are ye a talking about?'"

"'My brig is fist alive wid cintipedes,' answers the skipper, 'and they worriting me and my crew to death.'"

"'The man got red in the face. I reckon he thought the skipper was making fun of him.'"

"'I'll tell you how to get rid of your bugs,' he cries, mad like, 'ye take more water in your whisky, and wid that he casts off the line and orders the boat pulled back to the bark.'"

"'Now, I'd been standing by to lower a ladder to the man if he wanted to board us and I had seen a stream of cintipedes running along the line to the boat. Afore the boat had reached the bark I saw the man stand up and shake his fist at our brig, thin, he slapped himself mightily about the legs.'"

"'We was a few less cintipedes aboard, sorr,' sez I to the skipper, 'for a lot wint along the line to yon boat.'"

"'I saw 'em,' he winked his eye when he said it, 'it's put an idee into my head, Pat.'"

"'He calls the mate and the two had a long palaver on the poop and thin the mate orders all the top hamper slat down. The top and top galant masts were lowered and stowed on the deck. We were ordered to leave the rigging in a ragged way just as if the spars had been carried away by a gale. We was a wondering what the skipper was up to, thinking the cintipedes had made him crazy. About four o'clock we sighted the smoke of a steamer and at once the old man had a distress signal hoisted to the stump of the mainmast. The steamer picked it up and began to heave down on us and thin the order came to man the pumps. As there was very little water in the well we

thought the cintipedes had turned the skipper's head but it's obey orders aboard ship."

"'Brig ahoy,' sings out a man on the steamer's bridge, when she was in hailing distance, 'what do you need?'"

"'We've been dinstasted in a gale,' sez the skipper, with a straight face, 'and we've sprung a leak. We want you to tow us into Rio Grande.'"

"'Where did you find a gale in this latitood?' shouts the man on the steamer, 'I've not seen wind enough to fill a ryal for a week.'"

"'Twas a sort of whirlwind,' sez the skipper; 'now, what'll you charge to tow me in?'"

"'Well, shouts the captain of the steamer, 'Rio Grande will take us out of our course a heap but I'll tow you for a thousand pun.'"

"'It's an awful price,' sez our skipper, 'an awful price, but what else can I do? I'll sild you a hawser.'"

"'We lowered a boat and carried a brand new manilla hawser to the steamer which they fastened to the bitts aboard and thin we pulled back to the brig.'"

"'The steamer towed us all the evening, but when it became dark the skipper orders brimstone to be put in buckets, set afire and lowered into the hold. Glory be, how thin cintipedes came a swarming on deck. Ye could hear 'em a-rustlin' there was so many of 'em.'"

"'The mate sint a man forrard and had a thick circle of pitch made around the bowsprit just beyond the heel and thin all hands were called aft. Forrard of the wheel we lay some sheets of tin reaching clear across the deck from rail to rail. On this tin we sprinkled brimstone and set it afire. There was very little wind and the stinking smoke lay close to the deck and druv the cintipedes forrard. Slowly we moved the tin plates along driving the insects towards the bow. They were mighty excited thin cintipedes for they couldn't go back into the hold as the brimstone was a burning down there and they couldn't, as they always did when we tried to drown thin, go out on the bowsprit and climb the stays. When they come to the circle of pitch they stopped.'"

"'At last they found the hawser and they started along it towards the steamer. We had shoved the brimstone pretty nigh to the bow and I was standing on the forecabin when the moon come out a minute from behind some clouds. Boys, did ye iver go into a great factory and see the belts flyin in time with the turning of the wheels? Well, that's the way that hawser looked with the cintipedes flying along it to the steamer. Glory be, it made my head swim to look at 'em.'"

"'Captain,' sez the mate, 'the cintipedes are about all on the hawser; shall I cut it and let 'em drown?'"

"'No,' sez the old man, 'it'd be a sin to drown thin innocent insects and besides that there fellow wanted to charge me a thousand puns to pull me to Rio Grande. Let him have the cintipedes.'"

"'Just afore morning the mate cut the hawser.'"

"'When morning broke the steamer was well off to leeward but she wore and come down on us.'"

"'Ahoy, there,' shouts the captain of the steamer, 'your hawser's parted.'"

"'Yis, had luck to it,' hollers back our old man.

"'I'll send some men aboard wid another hawser,' sez the steamer captain."

"'No, I'm obleeged,' calls back our old man, 'the leak's stopped and I've found some spars that I'll make do.'"

"'Thin the steamer captain spakes out his mind.'"

"'Ye dirty Yankee swab, you,' he yells, 'that floating pig sty of yours is full of bugs and they've come along the hawser onto my ship. It's fairly swarming wid 'em.'"

"'Bugs,' screams the skipper, 'it's entirely crazy ye are. What d'ye mane by insulting a mariner in distress by telling him his vessel is full of bugs? If your filthy old tay kettle is full of vermin it's no hawser I want from ye and have the insects coming on my swate clean brig.'"

"'I've a bloody good mind to run ye down, ye pestilent Yankee,' haws the steamer captain, making an angry slap at his legs.

"'I'd have ye notice,' sez the skipper, politely, 'that the American flag is waving over my brig and it's me that 'ud like to see you run her down.'"

"'Thin the steamer captain jerks the bell to the engine room and away she wint to the south'ard, but the captain was shaking his fist at the brig as long as the two crafts were in sight of each other.'"

"'And, d'ye know, boys,' continued Cannon, mysteriously, 'that steamer was called the Kathleen and though I've read the shipping news and asked Ivery seamen I've met I've niver heard of her since.'"

"'What do you suppose happened to her?' was asked.

"'It's my beleave,' replied Cannon, 'that thin cintipedes ate up the crew and thin gnawed a hole in the ship's iron skin and wint down wid her.'"

Part of Their Business.

A Winsted (Conn.) dispatch says: "Yankee schoolmarm" are getting scarce. Not surprising when one learns, further on, that these teachers are, as a rule, good cooks.

MATTERS FEMININE.

IN FINE LINGERIE

DAINTY GARMENTS THAT MAY BE MADE AT HOME.

Fashioning of Appropriate Underwear Is Something That Every Woman Should Have at Her Finger Tips.

No woman ought to be ignorant of the art of making the simple, pretty things which she wears from her cradle to her grave. Our grandmothers made, and kept on hand, underclothing against the time of sickness and death. But the making and hoarding of grave clothes was a rather lugubrious custom, which a generation of less somber ways of thoughts has allowed to lapse.

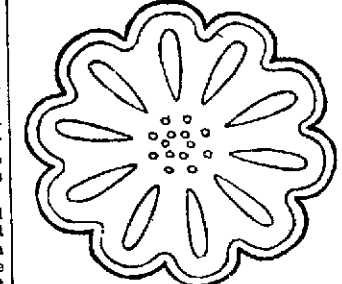
It is a rare woman who is not proud of her collection of lingerie, and prouder yet if she has made each article herself. Nearly all prospective brides attempt the manufacture of at least one suit of underwear, and she is a fortunate girl who has not waited until this happy time to learn how to cut and make the different pieces. She has saved herself some nervous strain, and, if she has, like the Dutch girl, been gathering a chest full of fine linen of her own making, anticipating the time of need, she is all the better off.

Since we have adopted the French word for underclothing, an added necessity has been laid upon us of having this a little finer, better fitting and a little daintier than of old. Lingerie is an unimaginable word for a combination of coarse cloth, cheap embroidery and careless work.

We may learn many things from the French, the accredited inventors of the artistic and beautiful in mod-

everything that goes with it should, in a measure, be that also; but if we wear a lingerie waist or an elaborate dress of muslin, mull, chiffon or embroidery, our smaller garments should be in keeping.

Half of the charm of a lingerie waist is lost if it seems to house crude undergarments. Many a wise woman has denied herself the pleasure of wearing this fascinating garment because she had not the suitable accompaniments, while many a girl in



Medallion in Eyelet

school or shop, having a limited wardrobe throughout, has worn these with any makeshift and on any occasion.

One of the ever-popular and easy designs for embroidery, whether for a hat, a shirt waist, linen collar and cuffs, table mats or for flouncings and other decorations of underwear is the daisy pattern. The flower may have five or a dozen petals, the petals may be in the eyelet or solid, and so with the center, but a combination of the two forms is most effective, perhaps, although very frequently both petals and center are in eyelet. Medallions are made with this pattern, and bands with this figure, scalloped on both edges, make very effective trimmings. It is easy to draw these for one's self and even to add the sprays of eyelet leaves that are often used with them.

For dainty yokes, especially for children's garments, one of the finest things is rows of hemstitching on sheer lawn or linen, half an inch or so apart, with feather-stitching in the space between. Feather-stitching without the hemstitching is very dainty, and may be done in circles of an inch or more in diameter, such as have been used on some of the handiwork of the tailored shirt waists.

But plain, solid, handsome effects are in no way better secured than by using the braids, especially the narrowest Irish. A night-dress trimmed with this put on with little curls every inch or so, is a very substantial and good looking garment. This braid also lends itself to the making of the monogram, which is so much used in marking both men's and women's haberdashery. Both the narrow and the wide Irish braids are used on men's and boys' nightshirts.



Nightdress Trimmed with Irish Braid.

era dress, in reference to these matters. The phrase "beautiful underneath" is theirs, and has almost a moral significance. To their minds it is next to impossible to be clothed sound, thoroughly dressed, without giving exact and careful attention to every garment from the first to the last.

To be "beautiful underneath," one's undergarments need not necessarily be artistic creations, but they should be in keeping with the outer dress. If our outer gown or suit is substantial,

FOR THE DRESSING TABLE.

Three Articles Which May Almost Be Called Necessities.

The fad for fancy collars and turn-overs has caused a necessity for two new articles on the dressing table—in fact, three, if studs and collar buttons are worn—a long, flat receptacle for the turnovers, a box to hold collars and a smaller box to hold studs. The dressing table is a most elastic place of furniture. Like the bookcase, it is always full and yet can be made to hold a little more. Its small drawers are a boon to the woman who lacks bureau accommodations, for, on the whole, a long, narrow compartment or drawer is a much more satisfactory place for gloves than a glove-box, which takes up too much space on top, just as veils are much more conveniently and safely preserved folded up and laid away than when left on the bureau twisted about a roll. Too many objects on top of a bureau or dressing table is a mistake, both against good taste and comfort. They are in the way when dressing and only too often are not kept as immaculate as they should be. On this account, celluloid, china or ivory utensils are better than silver ones, although the latter are more effective when they are brightly polished. If silver is used a piece of cotton flannel should be kept near at hand so that they may be rubbed off every morning, while once a week they should be cleaned with silver polish.

Sleeves of Chiffon.

A new fancy is making its appearance in fashionable circles. It consists of the short sleeves, being made of chiffon, lace or other delicate fabric, though it may not enter into the composition of the remainder of the bodice. The puff is finished at the elbow with a band of velvet, or one of whatever material the bodice is composed. The effect at first looks odd, for it gives the impression that the dressmaker has run short of bodice material. One model shows a gray-blue soft cloth, with puff sleeves of gray silk mousseline, set into bands of gray velvet below the elbow. At the throat is a vest and collar of the gray mousseline. Yet another smart model is in black silk muslin, embroidered with dots of blue silk. The sleeves are finished at the elbow with bands of blue panne.

FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Two Pretty and Appropriate Garments Illustrated.

The long gown is of dark blue and white cashmere. The fan plating of blue silk fills the opening in the back.



and also the smaller openings at each side of the front. The jacket fronts are edged with silk and tied with satin ribbon, the front being gathered underneath. The ribbon ties are fastened high in the back and tied low in the front.

The little girl wears a pretty shirred pinafore dress of brown cashmere, trimmed with black velvet and ecru lace.

Baby Weight Card.

A weight card is a pretty idea for the very new baby. A card six by ten inches is decorated across one corner with a dainty spray of flowers done in water colors.

Below this there is a table of ages and weights done in pen and ink, the necessary blank space for filling in the record.

A bit of ribbon is attached to the top of the card, so that it may be hung on the nursery wall.

For a Sore Mouth.

Borax and water make a good wash for a sore mouth.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD

HINTS ON MANY SUBJECTS OF INTEREST.

How Prunes Provide Their Own Sweetening—Effective Way to Hang Pictures—Soda and Water Good for Kitchen Floor.

Need No Sugar.—How many housewives know that prunes require absolutely no sweetening; that if they are cooked slowly for "hours and hours" there is sugar from them that nature provides as a sweetening. In other words "they sweeten themselves," and if cooked long enough are covered with a rich syrup, without one grain of sugar being added to them. The flavor is also improved by this method of cooking them by the oftentimes despised prune sauce becomes an enjoyable addition to the table.

Picture Hanging.—Too little attention is generally given to the hanging of pictures. They should be hung as nearly vertical flat against the wall as possible, and not tipped forward at various angles with the wall. The best effect is given by using two hooks, so that two vertical lines of wire appear instead of the triangular piece resulting when but one hook is used. The effect is more restful in a room where the pictures are hung vertically.

Kitchen Floor Cleaner.—So many people find it hard to keep their kitchen floors in good condition that method may help them. Wash with soda and water. After sprinkling about a heaping teaspoonful of soda on any greasy spots, pour boiling water over it, then take a mop and wipe over the whole floor. This is far more satisfactory than scrubbing, for it will take out grease spots without the use of "elbow grease." This will also keep the floor snowy white as well as clean.

Don't Use Soap.—Never use soap when cleaning oilcloth. It fades the colors, and the paint will soon wear off. Ammonia should also be avoided because it gives a dull appearance. Take a clean flannel cloth and apply warm water. The oilcloth should then be wiped off with a dry cloth. Skim milk is excellent to use, and will give the oilcloth a gloss if a brush is used it should be a soft one, but it is better not to use any.

Care of Rubber Shoes.—To make rubber shoes wear longer, from the tops of old rubber shoes cut pieces the shape of a heel. Smear these pieces on the lining side with thick muckilage, or any sticky substance, and place in the heels of rubbers, pressing down firmly. These protectors prevent the rubber from receiving the direct pressure of the boot heels, and can be renewed when they show the least signs of wear.

Cleaning Furniture.—Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soapuds, quickly wiped dry and then rubbed with an oily cloth. A good polish is made by mixing three parts of linseed oil and one part of spirits of turpentine. Apply with a woolen cloth, and when dry rub well with a dry woolen cloth. This is especially good polish for scratched or marred furniture, and will restore the color and luster to varnish.

WHEN YOU CLEAN THE STOVE.

Some Simple Observances That Will Lighten Labor.

The kitchen stove can be cleaned with newspapers; but when cleaning do it thoroughly. Many tops of stoves receive a daily polish and yet the sides are covered with dust and grease.

Let the oven be thoroughly cleaned with a brush kept for that purpose and then nicely washed, and your bread and cake will have a purer flavor.

Never leave dust or grease remains of former bakings on your oven doors. A newspaper will remove all of these; a wet cloth will complete the cleaning.

In cleaning the cook stove, do not forget to keep the pipe clean within and without—an important point to bear in mind.

Macaroon Custard.

Have in readiness nine or ten macaroons that have been soaked in a quart cup of sherry. Add to the soaked macaroons the yolks of two eggs beaten lightly, a cup and a half of milk, two tablespoonfuls sugar and one tablespoonful each macaroon and bread crumbs. Butter the blazer slightly, turn in the custard, set over the hot water pan, cover and cook from 20 to 30 minutes. When about half done, whip the whites of the two eggs stiff with two tablespoonfuls sugar and two teaspoonfuls lemon juice, and pile lightly on top of custard. Recover and finish the cooking.

Fine Baked Potatoes.

For stuffed baked potatoes select those of medium size, and bake them in their skins until they are nearly done, cut nearly through the potato at one end, scoop out a little from the center, and fill the hollow space with a thin slice of fried bacon, tightly rolled. Close down the half-severed end of the potato, return to the oven, and finish baking.

Ribbon Interwoven with Tinsel. Silken material interwoven with tinsel is best cleaned with bread crumbs and powdered blue, then shaken and rubbed with a clean cloth, tinsel or gold lace with liquid ammonia.

To Prevent Rusty Fireirons.

Fireirons during the summer should be rubbed over with a rag moistened with vaseline and sweet oil. This will quite prevent rust.

LIMIT HAD BEEN REACHED.

Why Josiah Did Not Take unto Himself a Fourth Helpmate.

Many years ago Josiah N— settled on a farm in Connecticut near the sound. After the death of his wife he erected a square white marble tombstone, on which was inscribed: "Amelia, wife of"

Not long afterward he married again, but his second wife did not long survive, and to save expense he



Declined to Be Number 4.

divided the original stone and the slab recorded the name of "Harriet, the second wife of."

And yet again did he take unto himself a wife who also lived but a few years and was laid away with the others. And yet again was Amelia relieved of some of the weight of marble that pressed the sod above her to make a tablet for "Sarah, third beloved wife."

Not long afterward he proposed to a dressmaker who had been accustomed to fashion garments at his house during his three domestic dynasties. She requested a little time to consider. A week later when he called for her answer, she said:

"Well, I guess I'll have to decline, Josiah, for I've been up to the cemetery and there ain't one of them stones that'll split."

EVERY HOUSE HAS ASH PIT

To Prevent the Wind From Blowing Live Coals Around.

Among the objects that invariably attract the attention of tourists in Denver are the ash pits at every house. These are made necessary by the character of the coal commonly used for domestic purposes and by the high winds that prevail. The ashes of the lignite coal so extensively burned hold the heat for an extraordinary length of time, remaining red-hot for many hours, or if kept from the air, for days after passing through the grate bars. It is evident that if these red-hot ashes are thrown out in back yards or vacant lots the high winds that sweep across



Household Ash Pit.

the plains would scatter them broadcast, making them a constant menace to the eyes and clothing of passers by, as well as to inflammable property of every kind. Every house is therefore required by city ordinance to be provided with an ash pit, shaped like an old fashioned bake oven, with small openings at the top through which the ashes are thrown. Another opening in one side at the bottom permits their removal when the pit is full.

EARLY ON THE WRONG PATH.

From London Comes Story of Youthful "Bunco Steerer."

An amusing story of the wiles of a boy confidence trickster was told recently in a London (Eng.) police court, where Frederick Martin, 17 years old, was charged with obtaining money by trickery from several younger boys. Evidence was given which indicated that Martin has been doing a large business as a "bunco" man for a long time. Two boys had three weeks' wages in their pockets, when Martin introduced himself to them as the son of a horsekeeper, and said his father had given him a herd of young goats. The sanitary inspector, he explained, objected to his keeping so many of them, and he had to get rid of some, so he offered to give a goat to each of the boys. They all went to the mews where Martin said the goats were, and on the way Martin explained that it was necessary to show the kids some round discs, to coax them to leave their mother. He said that shillings would do and the boys changed their wages into shillings and handed them to Martin, who entered the stable with them and disappeared. When they became uneasy and asked one of the stablemen where the goat were, he told them that several other boys had been asking the same question.

A LOTTERY PRIZE

By R. ARTHUR

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

One afternoon, on getting home from the office, I found May waiting at the door in a state of intense excitement.

"Fred!" she screamed, before I got to the gate, "where is that ticket?" "What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, you have lost it! I know you have! And I shall never get anything again I wanted so much."

As she seemed about to dissolve into tears I made a dash up the steps. I hate scenes above all things, and I felt instinctively that our neighbor, Mrs. Markey, was peeping at us from behind the curtains next door.

"Now dear," I began, when I had closed the door, "you mustn't excite yourself, you know you mustn't."

"But Fred," she sobbed, "we've won a prize—a magnificent mahogany suite; but we won't get it now you've lost the ticket."

I suddenly remembered. In spite of my objections May had bought a ticket in the grand Hibernian Lodge lottery, and the suite she talked about must be the second prize. I ran into the dining-room, and a few minutes' search unearthed a flaring red ticket.

After the first joy of gaining something at the expense of other people, the question arose, what was to be done? Our house of five rooms and a kitchen was fully furnished. The furniture meant my savings for two years before our marriage. We really had not room for anything else. I timidly suggested that we should try and get the suite changed into money. May turned on me with a fine scorn in her eyes.

"You never want to have things look nice," she cried. "Why we have nothing decent in the house."

This was rather hard on the furniture I had given up cigars and the theater for. But it doesn't do to argue with May. So it was soon settled, and that evening we proceeded to the Metropolitan furnishing store to view the suite. The sight of it made my heart sink. It would have done for a palace. May was in raptures.

She hurried me home, and we were soon in our room arranging where the things should be put. Our room was 14 feet square. It had two small windows side by side, and even with the modest furniture in it there was barely space to move about. But the matter presented no difficulties to May.

"The wardrobe will stand here nicely; and the washstand there, Freddie," she said. (She always called me Freddie when pleased). "And the dressing-table will fit in beautifully between the windows."

I had my doubts, but said nothing. There was little breakfast next morning, for May and the girl had been engaged from daybreak in clearing out the old suite and devising places to store it away. She scouted my idea that we might sell it, and said it would do for the spare room when we got one.

When I arrived home at three o'clock I found the van already at the door and a small crowd of onlookers around it. May was standing, flushed and excited at the gate.

"Oh, Fred, what shall we do?" she cried; "they can't get the wardrobe in."

As it was, there were four men on our narrow staircase wrestling with the washstand and using the profane language. They had smashed the lamp in the hall, and the plaster all along was furrowed like a cornfield.

By some miracle of handling, known only to furniture men, they negotiated the turning, and the washstand had reached its destination. That was the top landing. The men tried coaxing and violence, tilted it on end, rammed it at the bedroom door in all sorts of impossible angles, but it would not be put through. So it was left where it was.

We held a hurried consultation in the garden over the fate of the wardrobe. It was out of the question to attempt the stairs with it. The head furniture man announced that it would have to be hoisted in by the window. As the apparatus to do this was not at hand, it was left all night in the garden covered by a tarpaulin.

May was in ecstasy. She had seen Mrs. Markey's face, green with envy, at the window.

In the morning we were invaded early by a gang of men with ropes and pulleys, and the wardrobe was soon dangling between heaven and earth. All the people in the street were at their windows, for the man directing the operation had a voice like a fog-horn.

What an idiot the fellow was! It had never struck him to use his measuring tape. When the wardrobe was got up to the balcony, it would no more go through the window than the washstand through the door. So it had to be lowered over again. May was half crying with vexation.

"Bring it into the dining-room," she said; "we will make that our room, Fred, and have meals upstairs."

Mrs. Markey and her husband were enjoying it immensely. I could have strangled them.

I ordered the men to bring the thing in by the front door, and caught one of them winking at the other, as he said: "All right, guv'nor."

Of course the thing drew up in the hall, and refused to budge. I might have known it. It was lucky the door could shut.

I gulped down some tea that had

been made an hour before, fished at a chop that had been cooked at the same time, and went off to town in a rage.

At dinner that evening May was unusually affectionate. And she looked so pretty that I ground down my hatred of the suite as unworthy of the husband of so adorable a wife.

She was wanting to say something, and it came out at last.

"Darling, we must have a new carpet for our room."

"A new carpet?" I cried; "what is wrong with the one we have?"

"Oh, you know well enough how shabby it is. And Mrs. Wright was here to-day, and said we must really have one to match the suite."

"Anything else?" I inquired grimly. "Oh, she knows a place where we can get a set for the washstand for almost nothing."

"But, my dear girl," I expostulated, "what would be the use of it? We can't perform our ablutions on the stairs."

"I wish you would not try to be sarcastic," said my wife, with dignity; "it does not suit you."

"Neither does the suite," I joked feebly.

May withered me with a glance. In two or three minutes I was



She Was Wanting to Say Something.

routed horse and foot, and had to surrender unconditionally and May was smoothing down my hair by calling me "her own boy."

A week passed. I grew quite expert in the various ways of getting into bed and learnt to a nicety the course to be steered round the wardrobe.

But May was not happy. The position of the wardrobe and the washstand, which latter I was using to store my collars and shirts on, was a daily heartbreak to her. She grew silent and listless, and I cursed the day that brought that ticket into my possession.

One evening, at last, the burden seemed to have been lifted. After a good deal of desultory talk she announced carelessly that she had been out all day looking for another house, and had almost decided on one.

It was a gloomy-looking house in a side street, a house only fit for drying in. But the rooms were immense, and I saw at once that was the attraction for my wife.

The suite would be in its glory in the big bedroom, though I chuckled to myself how the other furniture would look. We moved in at the end of the month, washstand, wardrobe and all.

We had meals in a dining-room whose vastness was accentuated by our small table and sideboard which rose as islands in this ocean of bareness. Our oleographs, which had passed for oil-paintings in the old house, now gave the finishing touch of the ridiculous to the gigantic hall. And the new bedroom carpet served as a rug in the suite room.

But May was at peace. The light had come back to her eyes. I was beginning to settle down under the new regime when the end came.

One day I got a telegram at the office from May. It said, "Come at once." I rushed home in a hansom with the fear clutching at my heart that something had happened to my darling.

There was nearly a collision at the street corner with a furniture-van, which bore something which gleamed and glittered in the sunlight. The flower bed by the garden path was trodden down as if there had been a fight over it. The front door was open. I rushed in, and then, as I heard loud sobbing upstairs, flew to the bedroom. May was lying on the bed weeping and refusing to be comforted by the maid—and the suite was gone.

We are back now in the old house, and there is another inmate who has replaced the suite in May's affection. I admire him very much, too, but he has a reprehensible habit of turning night into day, and insisting that some one else should keep him company.

The reason for the disappearance of the suite was that the treasurer of the Hibernian Lottery had absconded without paying for any of the prizes, and so the furnishing store had sent down for their suite. It was altogether illegal, and could have brought them into serious trouble. But I did not tell May this.

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, Editor and Owner
HOWARD PARKER, Associate Editor

Entered as second-class mail matter March 25, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary election

For United States Senator
HENRY M. FURMAN
M. J. TURNER
ROY HOFFMAN
T. P. GORE
ROBERT L. OWEN

For Governor
C. N. HASKELL

For Attorney General
E. G. MCADAMS

For State Treasurer
J. A. MENESEE

For State Superintendent of Public Instruction
E. D. CAMERON

For State Corporation Commissioner
J. J. MALESTER
A. P. WATSON
P. J. MCGINLEY

For Justice of Supreme Court
ROBERT L. WILLIAMS
S. C. TREADWELL

For Clerk of Supreme Court
E. C. PATTON
W. H. CAMPBELL

For Congress
CHARLEY D. CARTER
D. H. LINEBAUGH
F. W. SKILLERN
CHAS. E. McPHERREN
R. SALLIS

For District Judge
A. T. WEST
JAMES H. CHAMBERS

For State Senator
REUBEN M. RODDIE
J. W. DEAN
OTIS B. WEAVER

For State Representative
RANDOLPH LAURENCE
FRANK HUDDLESTON

For Floterial Representative
E. S. RATLIFF

For County Judge
J. P. WOOD
JOEL TERRELL

For County Attorney
ROBT. WIMBISH
R. C. KING

For Sheriff
ROBERT NESTER
A. A. (GUS) BOBBITT
L. E. (LEW) MITCHELL
JAMES D. GAAR
J. E. (ED) FUSSELL
T. J. SMITH

For County Clerk
C. A. (CHARLIE) POWERS
W. S. (SAM) KERR
M. F. DLW

For District Clerk
W. I. CONN
W. D. LOWDEN

For County Treasurer
J. C. ALLEN
C. K. DAVENPORT
J. K. SCHOOGIN

For Register of Deeds
A. C. BRAY
GARY KITCHENS
C. C. HARGIS
A. L. MILES

For County Surveyor
GEORGE TRUETT

For County Supt. of Public Instruction
BASCOM T. LAWSON
T. P. PIERCE, of Roll

For County Commissioner
District No. 1
JOHN D. RINARD
District No. 2
R. L. (BOB) WALKER
JOHN B. STEWART
L. F. TULLY
C. W. FLOYD
F. C. KRIEGER
District No. 3
ED. L. THOMPSON
J. W. VADEN

For Justice of the Peace, Ada Precinct
W. H. NETTLES
H. J. BROWN
GEORGE DAVIDSON
W. H. FISHER
Chickasaw Township No. 2
A. GAYLOR

For Trustee, Chickasaw Township No. 2
F. L. JOHNSON
H. P. MERRYMAN

For Constable, Ada Precinct
SID RIEDEL
J. M. RANEY

For Constable, Chickasaw Township No. 2
E. C. SULLIVAN
A. F. DILLARD of Ahloso

For Constable, Francis Township No. 8
JAMES W. LILLARD

For State Commissioner of Charities
MISS KATE BARNARD

For County Weigher
CHARLES A. THOMAS

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE

Hereby is announced, the Mason Drug Co. a candidate for the Most Popular Drug Store in Pontotoc county, subject to the action and approval of all people who want the DRUGS, HONEST PRICES, and a SQUARE DEAL. And this candidate will be an easy winner!

Fifty Years the Standard

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

A Cream of Tartar Powder Made from Grapes
NO ALUM

Andrew Carnegie

Says the best way to accumulate money is to resolutely save and bank a fixed portion of your income, no matter how small the amount. Suppose you follow the advice of Carnegie who started in life poor and open an account with

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PERSONAL MENTION

Dr. Logan was in Stenwall yesterday.

Wright and Berry tailors next door to postoffice for high class work 48-49

Ernest Pritchett returned yesterday morning from a visit to Ponawau on business.

Mrs. M. M. Logan at the Electric theatre tonight.

T. Sutton, success manager of the Times at Hollenbeck and Carl Stinson, a dress maker here from Holmen, out Sunday visiting with friends.

Lee H. H. and his cousin Miss H. M. went to Ardmore yesterday morning to present at the wedding of a friend.

J. J. C. candidate for district clerk went down into the stock market Sunday morning.

A. C. H. candidate for program tonight at the Electric theatre. New ones will be pictures.

H. J. John of Connersville was in Ada Sunday visiting relatives.

Contract for the building of the new site returned Sunday morning from a business trip to Oklahoma City.

Will N. Harkins is home from his two months trip through Texas selling clothing. He will remain in Ada for some time.

Mrs. H. M. Harkins went to Oklahoma City Saturday afternoon to meet Judge Harkins and visit a few days.

Don't fail to see the beautiful scenes on the Hudson River tonight at the Electric theatre.

Nels H. Harkins of Franks was in Ada today trading.

Rev. Newton Johnson pastor of the High Hill church near Ada is here on business today.

Chapman Brand Shoes

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE
GUARANTEED PATENT

\$5

We have the finest line of Men's Women's and Children's Shoes in Ada. You will get better satisfaction and save money in buying shoes at our exclusive shoe store.

CHAPMAN
The Shoe Man

LOST AND STILL LOSING

Because You Don't Trade at

The Nickel Store

You will still lose money if you don't take advantage of some of the extra good values we are offering.

Soaps—We have a line of fine Toilet Soaps, Violet, Glycerine and Almond Cream Soap, 5c a cake.

White Rose and Old Fashioned Butter Milk Soap, 5c a cake.

Grandpa's Wonder Soap, 5c ounce cake, 5c.

Long Bar Hard Water Soap, 5c a bar.

Laundry Soap Silk or Swiss, 3 cakes 10c.

Faultless Starch, 8c per package.

Eagle Lye, 4 cans 25c.

Petroleum Jelly or vasoline, 2 oz 5c, 5 ounces 10c.

Talcum Powders, 5c and 10c.

Arm and Hammer Brand Soda, pound packages 4 for 25c.

2 ounce extracts, good quality Lemmon, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry 10c per bottle.

Nutmegs 2 for 1c.

Gag Bluing, Red Cross 2 boxes for 5c.

Don't miss us for fruit jars, fruit jar caps and fruit jar rubbers.

Covered lunch baskets ranging in price from 10c to 25c.

See our line of Glassware Queensware Tinware enameledware etc.

Saturday next we are going to sell while they last another lot of those good brooms at 10c each sold with 20c worth of other goods and one to a customer.

We solicit your business.

The Nickel Store

and China Hall.
The 5c and 10c Store of Ada
S. M. SHAW Prop.

This latter candidate for congress from this district was in Ada this morning on his way to Roll where he delivers a speech tonight.

Dr. Logan a trust in him from Stenwall was in Ada today on business.

Geo. L. L. a prospective farmer living on three miles east of Ada is here today trading.

A Vogt minister at the brick plant was in the News office this morning and showed us some soviet post cards he had received from his wife who is visiting her old home in Switzerland. They were very unique but beautiful and attractive. Mrs. Vogt started on her return trip to America June 1st.

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, regulates the bowels and cures the kidney, cures stomach troubles, builds up the nervous force and repairs the ill effects of over eating. 10c Tablets 30c.

—C. M. Ramsey.

Notice.

All occupation license expired June 1st so please call and renew same.

Jesse Warren

Recorder, Assessor and Collector

53 St.

How to live on 16 cents a day. The mind as well as the body is benefited by economy in eating. There is no health giver like a diet of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. In a startling way it keeps you going. 30c Tea or 10c Tablets.

—C. M. Ramsey.

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TO DO Good

Medicines must contain potent ingredients.

Medicines we compound are prepared from pure standard strength drugs which are guaranteed under the 'Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30 1906.

That's why our prescription work is so satisfactory to physicians.

Medicines put up here will have the effect your doctor desires.

GWIN, MAYS & CO.
THE DRUGGISTS

TO MAKE ADA IMMACULATE

Continued on Page 1

President was accepted and a vote of thanks to her for the interest in and help given the Federation during her term of office. Mrs. Bent Mason was chosen president by acclamation.

Mrs. Bledge was elected second vice president. Mrs. Chaney corresponding secretary and treasurer and Mrs. Bledsoe auditor.

Chairman of all committees will please be present to report at next regular meeting the last Saturday in June with Mrs. Chaney secretary.

WANTED—A cook Mrs. E. W. Harkin.

1081—Ladies gold watch. Luma engraved on inside and L. on outside. Return to News office and receive reward. 63-1.

Miss Clara Handell of Luther, Okla. and Miss Olive Wilson of Lincoln visited L. W. Harkin's family Sunday night and Monday.

S. J. Armstrong and family who moved to Kansas about a month ago to reside until September could not stay away that long and returned to Ada this morning.

Miss Anna Granger of Channing, Mo. is in Ada for a visit with her mother, Dr. and Mrs. Granger.

Prof. Granger had the unfortunate Saturday to find a nail in his foot and is still confined to his room.

The W. C. T. U. will meet 3 p. m. Wednesday with Mrs. Ed Harkins in attendance. All members will please not forget the convention program will be finished this week.

By order of Corresponding Secretary.

Deputy Marshal Brents Saturday night received word that there were three fugitives at Ada with a dog. He could only get three was as they said that Ed Harkins had authorized several viola men to go and capture them. They agreed to hold the fellows until a marshal could arrive Sunday morning. Brents had word Sunday that the fellows had opened fire on the pursuers and had completely put them to rout. Thus Ed lost some big game.

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CAPITOL HILL LOTS ON EASY PAYMENT PLAN

Capitol Hill

Acres will be best residence property. Close in; shade trees on every street.

Beard & Blanks

Office 1st Door West Harris Hotel

ARMSTRONG, BYRD & CO

—OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—

Have been established in the PIANO and ORGAN business in Oklahoma and Indian Territories for ten years. They are the largest music house in the Southwest, and carry a magnificent line of thirty two of the best known and most reliable makes of Pianos. They sell from \$50.00 to \$75.00 cheaper than any other firm sell Pianos of the same grade and quality.

IF I THE MARKET FOR A PIANO FIGURE WITH THEM

We keep a full line of prescription goods
We know how and can fill any prescription.
We don't substitute
We deliver

Crescent Drug Store

Dr. F. Z. Holley, Prop.

The Long Distance Telephone

USE IT TODAY
AND SAVE DELAY

Other ways of transacting your affairs cannot compare with it in
HIGH VALUE LOW PRICE QUICK SERVICE
Is the comprehensive means of communication.

PIONEER TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.

Telephone Directory.

The New Telephone Directory is being prepared for the Printer. We want your name to appear correctly. Any changes you desire, notify the Manager.

PIONEER TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

AVOID CONFUSION

Administrators, Guardians and others may avoid confusions from the mingling of private and trust funds, by opening separate accounts at this bank. Drop in and let us talk over this important matter.

Ada National Bank

Ada, Ind. T.

Our Stockholders have a combined wealth of over \$500,000.00.

Pianos We have just received several late styles and would be glad to have you call and inspect.
Organs We can sell you a good organ from \$25 to \$100. \$5 down and \$2 per month. You'll have to hurry.
Sewing Machines A few high grade ball bearing Sewing Machines at \$22.50 while they last.
Sheet Music We are receiving new music every day. Come and try it on our pianos. Tell us your music troubles. Let us reason together.

Matthews Music Co.

Main Street

Coffman & Owen
HARDWARE and TINNERS
 PHONE NO 279

THE EVENING NEWS.

M. LEVIN
 NEW and SECOND HAND
FURNITURE

DEVOTED TO MAKING ADA A LARGER AND MORE PROGRESSIVE CITY

VOLUME 4

ADA, INDIAN TERRITORY, MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 3, 1907

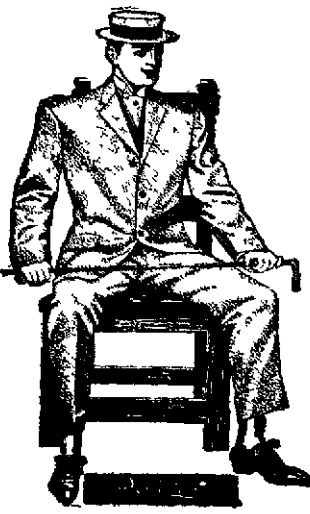
NUMBER 63

Suits for Young Men

We are doing an immense business in

YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING.

Style does it and Style is what all young men want and will have. After their Sixteenth birthday boys are no longer boys to us. They are young men and we know then that their Clothing must be catered to as carefully as any man.



Clothes must be selected especially for them. Styles must be just right. must have all the latest kinks of Fashion

Young Men, Come and See.

Suits \$7.50, \$10 \$12.50, \$15, \$17.50.

Cox-Greer-McDonald Co.

ANOTHER FEATHER FOR ADA

Made a Postoffice of Second Class--
 Salary, \$2,000

Postmaster J R Young has received official notification that Ada has been advanced from a postoffice of the third class to one of the second class entailing a raise in the salary to \$2,000 a year same to take effect from and after July 1st 1907.

This change is agreeable news not only to Mr Young but also to everybody interested in Ada. It speaks volumes for Ada's growing commercial standing. The raise is based on the gross receipts for the year ending March 31 which were in excess of \$5,000 and the business of the Ada office is still climbing. For the month of May says Mr Young the receipts were very nearly \$500.

This advancement places Ada in first metropolitan company and it puts this town in the class so far it ranked by only six cities in Indian Territory.

More important than the raise of a \$100 a year on the postmaster's salary will be the raise in allowance for clerk hire from \$100 to \$1,300 which the promotion of the local office will entail.

It will interest Ada people to hear that free delivery for this office is not so far distant. For this year \$10,000 annual receipts are required and good sidewalks. We are not less than \$5,000 behind the required annual receipts. Possibly the \$10,000 will be reached by next year. Of course Ada can't build the sidewalks. These a private citizen or official was capturing. It is recently from the postmaster. There are now 11 postoffices in Indian Territory, seven second class and one first class office.

REVIVAL AT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

A week of mud and rain and the revival still continues with splendid interest and prospects. The Sunday school attendance was increased to three times its usual number. The house was crowded in the morning and many were turned away at night. The morning sermon preached by the evangelist on the subject of Heaven was a masterpiece. At the close two of our leading citizens and their wives presented themselves for membership.

The sermon at night was of unusual interest. The subject of Why I Belong to the Christian Church being presented. The sermon was free from bitterness or unkind criticism of those who might disagree with the speaker.

Tonight the Sinner's Excuses will be the subject for the sermon.

A special service will be held Tuesday afternoon for the ladies and girls at 2 p. m. The sermon will be by the woman who moved the town. Every lady and girl in town is invited to attend.

The supply of song books which has been expected for several days, arrived this morning and everybody will have an opportunity to assist in the singing.

Much interest is expected to be developed this week. Several visiting preachers are expected to arrive in the next few days to enjoy the victory and the spirit of the revival.

SHOOTS NEGRO IN SELF DEFENSE

George Turner Outwitted Two Blacks Who Mugged His Life.

Ada, Okla. June 2.—Four dead, four injured, was the result of a shooting which took place last night in the heart of the city. Morgan, a negro, was shot and killed by Turner, a white man, who was outwitted by two blacks who mugged his life. Morgan was shot and killed by Turner, a white man, who was outwitted by two blacks who mugged his life. Morgan was shot and killed by Turner, a white man, who was outwitted by two blacks who mugged his life.

Justice Day was notified tonight that three were being made by negroes against Morgan and he ordered the county police force and a detachment of guards from the stockade to proceed to the vicinity and preserve order. At midnight everything seemed quiet.

ONE DEAD AND MANY INJURED

Fatal Wreck Near Shawnee Last Saturday

Shawnee Okla. June 2.—One man was killed and ten severely injured while many others miraculously escaped death or injury when a north-bound freight train collided head-on eight miles south of here yesterday afternoon.

Crushing together while running 50 miles an hour, as the freight tounded a curve the engines were telescoped the combination mail and baggage car was demolished and the other cars in the passenger train save one were thrown from the rails. The freight was on the passenger's time and was endeavoring to make the siding at Sewell to let the passenger by. The engineer had seventeen minutes from Tecumseh in which to do this and failed by a minute. The passenger supposed he had a clear track to Tecumseh and was endeavoring to make up time. Downey, the fireman of the passenger train who was killed remained at his post after the engine had jumped, and was instantly killed. His body was buried under the wreckage of the engine and it was several hours before it was recovered.

A Carpenter and A W McAlister of Oklahoma City were on the wrecked train. Both men were riding in the combination smoking and baggage car which went into the ditch and was completely wrecked. Mr Carpenter escaped without injury and Mr McAlister received only a few slight bruises.

George the mail clerk, living in his point was severely injured but he and it is feared tonight that he cannot recover. A truck is torn up for a space of several hundred yards and it is not expected that traffic will be resumed before Monday.

IT WOULDN'T BE

Summer Without Serge Suits in Two Pieces.

Blue Serges are in greater demand than for many seasons past. We show a line of Single and Double-Breasted Styles in Two-piece goods.

\$12.50 and \$13.50

All made with permanent hair-cloth fronts, highly padded hair lined with first-class Mohair. Some are in Peg-top Trousers and Cuff bottoms and belt loops. The fit and workmanship and material are equal to any \$18 suits asked by our competitors.

We have a strong line of Fancy Patterns of Grays, Club Checks and Plaids, which are also in demand for this season.

Come to us and you will easily be convinced we can save you a dollar or two.

No Trouble to Show Goods!

I. HARRIS.

New Post Cards

Complete line of Ada views and humorous illustrated cards, fancy designs, etc. All prices.

Send Some of These Cards to Your Friends and make them happy.

SPRAGUE BROS.

Want A Bath?

Then get a good clean one, Hot or Cold, at High & Lutzman's Barber Shop, next door to English Kitchen.

TONIGHT
 3 SHOWS DAILY at 3
 4:00, 8:00, 9:00 pm 3

ELECTRIC THEATRE

Two doors west of Harris Hotel.
 Program.

- 1.—Illustrated Song In the City of Spots and Tears
- 2.—Motion Pictures Seen on the Hudson River Whos Who The Mysterious Ration
- 3.—Illustrated Song Would You Care?
- 4.—Special Feature—Motion Picture—Married for Millions

Show begins promptly at 8:00 and lasts one hour.
 Admission 10c to All.
 Programs changed on Mondays and Thursdays.

English Kitchen

Everything strictly first class and clean. Once you eat here you'll become a regular patron.

Ada tailoring and cleaning works east of postoffice 48-11

TO MAKE ADA IMMACULATE

City Federation Takes Further Steps Toward a Clean Town.

At a meeting of the Federation Saturday afternoon arrangements were perfected for the management of the prize contests beginning June 1st.

As stated before prizes have been offered to the children under 15 years of age who keep the cleanest premises from June 1st to October 1st.

To the amount the Federation offered the Ada National bank has most generously added \$500 making the prizes \$750 and \$1,000 respectively. It is the desire of the Federation to

EXCURSION TO OKLAHOMA CITY

JUNE 9, 1907

Special train will leave Ada at 7 a. m., returning will leave Oklahoma City at 7 p. m. There will be another train leave Atoka at 6 a. m.

Fare from Ada, Ahloso and Tupelo

\$1.50

C. P. ORCHARD
 Agent.

Something Needed Portland Park Addition

Lots near the big Cement Plant to accommodate the hundreds of laborers to be employed in this great industry. This need has been met by laying out the Portland Park Addition just west of the cement plant. Lots are 30 feet by 140, with 60-foot streets and 20-foot alleys. Prices of lots are from \$20 to \$30. Terms, \$5 down and \$2 per month. A large reservoir is to be built on the north side by the cement company which will afford boating and fishing.

The Title is Perfect and the Location Slightly and Healthful.

Get on Easy Street by Buying Lots in Portland Park.

Homes in the Reach of All in Portland Park Addition.

Plant your Money in Portland Park and let it Grow.

Real Estate is the foundation of wealth--It's safe and sure. Get in on the ground floor at Portland Park.

Only room for 80 families in Portland Park while hundreds will be needed. This is the only land that will be available for years.

Have you seen Ada lots advance one hundred and even one thousand percent, while you waited to see what the town would do? Take a tumble to yourself and buy lots in Portland Park. These lots are being sold at half their real value and on terms within the reach of all.

Ada Title and Trust Co.

The Income Tax is Equitable and Just

By HON. ALTON B. PARKER.



I believe that every state in the union ought to have an income tax.

The federal government has sometimes levied a tax on incomes.

There are, of course, many inherent difficulties in the levy and collection of such a tax in this country, where the people are so much less settled in population than in the old country, but it remains for the state to provide for the collection of its revenues by such

methods as will operate best for the general interest. These methods must be practical—that is to say, they must be such as can be enforced without serious mischief, and such as will provide the revenue.

But when the question is "What is and what is not practical?" apparent fairness and equality as between individuals are of the highest importance.

To the common mind no rule seems to be more just and fair than that persons should be taxed for the support of the state or government in proportion to the revenue—that is, net income—they enjoy under its protection.

Such a rule combines the idea of the value of government with that of ability to bear the burden. It seems to be as just and fair as any that is capable of enforcement, and, as it approves itself to the common mind, it seems to be one which public policy and the best interests of the state can justify and sanction.

Thought the Great Disease Breeder

By DR. CHARLES GILBERT DAVIS.

the hair gray in a single night, if it can force tears from the eyes, if it can in an instant produce great bodily weakness, if it can produce insomnia, if, as has often occurred, it can bring instantaneous death—then is it not natural for us to conclude, without further argument, that it may bring about a more or less continuous derangement of the physical organism, which we call disease?

On every hand we note instances where the action of the mind both produces and perpetuates disease. Indeed, I can truthfully say, after an observation of many years in the practice of medicine, that a majority of the cases of illness which come under the daily observation of the physician are largely due to the condition of the mind.

It is not unusual for some one returning from the funeral of a loved one to be taken ill and in a few days follow that one to the grave. What causes this death? Depressing thought.

Mother hears of some calamity having befallen her child. She goes into a collapse, fever follows and she is near the gates of death. Was it not a thought that produced this illness?

A man is seated at a banquet table, full of health and happiness and blessed with a good appetite.

A message is brought to him that his family has been drowned in a flood. He turns pale, his appetite deserts him and his strength is gone. Soon he is in a delirium and ill. All the functions of the body are deranged, a doctor is called and names his disease. But is it not true that this man's disease has been produced by what he thought?

I have seen the most wonderful effects follow a fit of anger. After an outburst of passion the function of every gland in the body is impaired. Time and again I have observed acute illness in an infant where it was permitted to nurse immediately after the mother had been engaged in a quarrel, and on more than one such occasion I have seen death follow in a few hours.

Such instances might be multiplied indefinitely, and every observant physician has a mental store of such cases.

A String of Thought Pearls

By CARMEN SYLVA.

There are so many people whose only reason for depriving themselves of the sight of the rising sun is to sleep away the evening. Thus, the joyous moment of each day slips away from them.

We must wing the neck of our deepest passions, of our most ardent desires, and walk in the way we would never have chosen.

Life is a stuff spun and woven by our hands, others will cut it and shape it, others again deck themselves with it.

The Fountain of Youth is work; woe to him who ceases to plunge therein.

By the side of tombs only kindly and courteous words are spoken, let us treat our friends like tombs.

A lost battle is often worth many victories, a victorious war may bring deep-seated loss to the nation that rejoiced for a conquest.

This life is but an image of the true life, a reflection of what the soul attains to in the Beyond, of what only the death of the body shall reveal.

It is so good to be beautiful, and so beautiful to be good that it is a sad mistake not to be the one by sheer force of being the other.

One word has before now traversed the centuries and stirred hearts anew in every successive generation; why be content to chatter like the poplar to the passing wind instead of sowing abroad words that will endure?

All lives are beautiful in which the sovereign thought has been for others.

What is called luck or fortune is only the gift of recognizing when our hour strikes, of not taking the hand from the plow until the Angelus sounds.



The Woman Thrown on Her Own Resources.

By Mrs. Bessie Hooker.

What a Woman "Brought Up to Do Nothing" May Accomplish—Burying One's Personality—"Sentiment a Forgotten Art" in New York—The Work of Dressing and Studying Women—Members of the Leisure Class Should Not "Play at Work."

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Rowles.)

(Mrs. Bessie Stewart-Hooker, daughter of Senator Stewart of Nevada, is a fine example of what is possible of accomplishment to a woman brought up in wealth and luxury when by the turn of fortune's wheel it becomes necessary for her to enter the list of bread winners. For some year previous to undertaking her present line of work that of importer and buyer of women's gowns and lingerie she conducted a chicken farm on a portion of her father's cattle ranch in Virginia. Many of her present patrons are the women of the millionaire set. Her old time friends in society when Castle Stewart in Washington was the center of brilliant and lavish entertaining. But on this factor she has not reckoned for success having joined the world's workers from the common sense business point of view.)

This subject is a difficult one to write about, since by many persons it is viewed in many changeable lights. My point of view is that of a woman who having never been in trade and knowing absolutely nothing relating thereto, suddenly finds herself obliged to earn her own living.

When one considers the matter, it seems at first as if there was absolutely nothing that could be undertaken by a woman educated and brought up to do nothing. Take my own case which is I think, the only one I really understand. It required a long time and many experiments for me to realize what I was really capable of. Having done so the next thing in order was to bury my own personality to think of nothing but my work and ultimate success. I was not to spare myself in any manner. I was to have one object and to make all aims and ambitions, every energy and power of the mind center in that one thing. There was nothing I did not study and sometime try, from running a stock farm in Virginia to writing plays that were never accepted. To undertake to write of the number of things I studied would take too long. At last I found that of which I was really capable. It was the task of conducting a place where women could find almost everything with which to adorn themselves—since in the world at large women's dress is always interesting.

Business in New York is different from business in any other place. First there is more money to be made there as all the world goes to New York. But there are thousands to compete with—thousands who know what business means—thousands who understand business in all its phases. Sentiment is a forgotten art. You are obliged to stand by yourself, to have and bring forth new ideas and new things quicker than your neighbor. For the buyers see only what you have to offer them, not who or what you are. They care nothing for your ancestors, they want their money's worth and if you fail to give it to them they go elsewhere.

If a woman who has always had everything she desired who has been petted and made much of who has seen society from all its different points who has had everything that position money and youth could give her can simply forget herself, if she is willing to be patient and interested in all those who come to her and is not afraid of work, that woman will succeed.

It is a hard lesson, but one that can be learned if one is determined and has only the one object in view—to be a success no matter what obstacles present themselves.

When you have attained that you feel triumphant through and through and when you look back at the dark hours they seem almost brilliant, for you know they have helped you and given you energy—made you more determined.

It is a wonderful feeling to know that you are independent of the world and that you owe it nothing. What you have accomplished is due solely to your own intelligent efforts. I mean those who enter into enterprises of their own and are not working on salaries. That is, of course, quite another thing.

In New York there is a field for every one, but in order to win one must be, or strive to be, better than the rest. It is like a stimulant and inspires one to do well. The competition here is something undreamed of elsewhere. Thousands of men and women are in the same line as yourself and they, for the most part, having done nothing else since they were born, understand work in all its branches. The line that I have taken up is interesting to me, for I handle what is beautiful work and once I enter the doors of my workshop I am oblivious to all else but my work, "dressing and studying women."

I shall always remember the first time I saw a woman pass with some of the things on that I had made for her. It seemed so unreal that I was almost on the verge of tears, but soon all sentimental feeling passed and I

was very glad to see many of my things worn—the more the better.

Women's wearing apparel is always interesting, for one has to combine colors, make models, handle beautiful fabrics from all over the world, and this is extremely attractive to the feminine mind. When you have succeeded in making a homely woman with a bad figure look less plain, or a pretty woman blossom into greater beauty there is a positive excitement in the experience. I believe nobody really works well who is not obliged to. If one is not always followed by that fearful monster, necessity, I do not think one does as well. But when one realizes that it is imperative not to be lazy, that each day counts, and that if there is failure in that day's duty one will suffer later on, the thought spurs one to more energetic action, and the start is bravely made in forgetfulness of storm or cold.

If a woman is obliged to work New York is her best sphere of action and she should give herself entirely up to the undertaking if she wishes to accomplish anything. But if she can take life easily then let her do so in every sense of the word, for she will then find it her duty to make herself charming to those near and dear, bringing comfort and happiness into her surroundings and letting the hardships of labor be borne by those who, obliged to work, will not thus be unduly shouldered out of the field. To be sheltered and protected from the ungracious side of life is woman's greatest blessing where this is possible of accomplishment.

To women seeking employment in New York I will say that there is a large field for all and if circumstances make it imperative that work be done every energy should be brought to bear on whatever is undertaken. With determination to conquer all obstacles, success will surely be won. Do not enter into any line of work to pursue it as a fad or simply for something to do. The world is full of those to whom work is a necessity and they should not be forced to the wall by members of the leisure class playing at work. Whatever the undertaking, whether in New York or elsewhere, enter upon it with earnestness and untiring zeal. To the woman who does this no matter what her bringing up or her previous status in the world there is inevitably before her the great and beautiful word—success.

THE BILL COLLECTOR'S DREAM.

He Only Imagined That the Skinfint Paid Him.

The bookkeeper was jollying the bill collector. "Do you ever make any collections?" he asked lightly.

"Do I?" Well I should smile," replied the collector. "Know that old balance for \$50, don't you, against Goldstein?" Yes? Well, I got it in last night, and a ten dollar bill to boot. Made an all night job of it."

"Don't say," replied the amazed bookkeeper.

"Yes, went after it about 12 o'clock last night and finally landed the mazzuma. The junk shop was all lit up, you know, and there was a gang of fellows hanging around the office door and all of 'em kicking. Reminded me of the angry mob at a Gillis melodrama. The funny part of it was, they were all collectors."

"I butted in 'What's up, boys' says I."

"He's in there," replied a collector from Evans & Co. "And we're after blood or money."

"Let's get both," says I. I'm with you."

"Well, sir," proceeded the bill collector, scratching the mud from his coat, we made a dash for the door—it was locked, you know—and bust it to splinters, didn't last as long as a snowball in—in July. Then we made a rush for that old skeeicks. He al a rush for that old skeeicks. He always was a naughty sort of an ass, you know and treated a collector as he would a book agent. But he got his all right. Fun? Why, it was better than looping the loop. The old villain's clerks were there too, but when he hollered for help they just sneered and gave him the Roman act—turned their thumbs down, you know."

"Then came the crowning glory continued the collector with a right eous flush on his face. "One of the pirates found a big roll of money in the victim's pocket, and a big roar went up."

"Divvy up! Divvy up!" shouted a dozen voices at once.

"So I grabbed the roll of money and peddled it out. I kept the \$50 for our balance and \$10 for myself and then—then the alarm broke loose and I came away. It was only a dream, you know."

The Corners of the Home.

Few women realize the decorative possibilities of corners. The result is that even in pretty and artistic rooms the corners are too often left bare, the walls being allowed to meet in hard straight lines and nothing to break the monotony.

In a small room it is not advisable to fill up or cut off these corners by putting large pieces of furniture diagonally across them, for this simply diminishes the apparent size of the room. It will be found that hanging furniture will fill the need admirably, for a small cabinet or bookshelf can be readily suspended, and by its very construction serve to break the awkwardness of the corner in a very satisfactory manner.

Of course when it comes to hanging heavier pieces of furniture, the picture molding is found inadequate, so screw-eyes, or ring bolts, are fastened to the floor beams above.

A MID SEA TRANSFER

BY J. C. PLUMMER

(Copyright, 1907, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was an easy afternoon's watch on the forecastle as a fair wind came freshly astern and every sail was drawing. We were just commenting on the Adams' yarn about the finding of the dead sailor in his own sea chest, when Pat Cannon broke in.

"Ye can't count anything extraordinary at sea," he said, "I had a square experience, once, on the brig Manitou."

"Give it to us, Pat," we cried in chorus.

"Ye see," began Pat, cramming down the tobacco in a vile smelling pipe with his stubby forefinger, "I was on the brig Manitou and we had loaded a cargo of bones at Rosario on the La Plata, bound for Baltimore. In Argentina there's lots of horses and cattle killed for their hides and tallow to say nothing of making a pile of safe extract which they do at Frey Bentos. The bones they pile up on the pampas until there's a chance of shipping them to America where they grind 'em up for fertilizer."

"We loaded some 400 ton all shapes and sizes and there was nothing out of the way with the bones save their nasty musty smell, but by the time we had pulled up half way to the equator we found we had shipped more than bones. The brig was alive with cintipedes. I don't know if they were sitting in the middle of the bones hatching their eggs or only taking a slape but out they came and millions of 'em. When at first only a few came up we laughed at the quick moving things, but when the decks were smothered with 'em laughing was stopped and swearing taken up."

"Well, it was mane enough to have the blooming things crawling over one's bunk, one's food and one's hair, but when they got to biting thin it became serious. Although it was blistering hot we were all wearing sea boots as if we was a coming to the north pole instead of to the equator. Thin a deppytation goes aft."

We can't stand it, sorr," we sez to the skipper. "These bugs are biting us and we ask you to put into some handy port so we can get rid of 'em," we sez.

"The nearest port we can make" sez the skipper, "is Rio Grande and I don't want to put in there for it's a very expensive place. I'll smoke the craitures out," sez he.

"We took some brimstone and set it afire thin we lowers it down the hatch and shuts up all the holes and clivces we could find but Glory be, there's where we made a mistake. We drav 'em out of the hold into the cabin, the forecastle and on deck. The brimstone couldn't kill 'em only drav 'em out. Iverwhere cintipedes, nothing but cintipedes."

"Thin we stopped up the hawse holes and rigged the pump so as to flood the deck and drown the insects, but bless your soul when the water came they climbed the rigging like able bodied seamen and stayed up there 'till we had to let the water off."

"Well, then we didn't know what to do, the skipper was worried too for the cintipedes were all over the cabin and when about noon we sights a sail he ordered the distress signal to be bent to the halliards and stnt aloft. The vessel, a bark it was, hove to and stnt a boat to us. When it reached us we cast a palnter to it but the officer didn't mke any move to board us. He gives a squint up at the spars and asks:

"What's wrong wid ye? Ye look all right aloft."

"I'm a suif'rin'," sez the skipper, in reply, "wid a pistillence of bugs and I want your advice and help."

"Bugs," screams the man in the boat, "what are ye a talking about?"

"My bug is jst alive wid cintipedes answers the skipper, 'and they worriting me and my crew to death'."

The man got red in the face. I reckon he thought the skipper was making fun of him.

"I'll tell you how to get rid of yom bugs," he cries mad like, "ye take more water in your whisky," and wid that he casts off the line and orders the boat pulled back to the bark."

Now, I'd been standing by to lower a ladder to the man if he wanted to board us and I had seen a stream of cintipedes running along the line to the boat. Afore the boat had reached the bark I saw the man stand up and shake his fist at our brig, thin, he slapped himself mightily about the legs.

"We're a few less cintipedes aboard, sorr," sez I to the skipper, "for a lot went along the line to yom boat."

"I saw 'em," he winked his eye when he said it, "it's put an idee into my head, Pat."

"He calls the mate and the two had a long palaver on the poop and thin the mate orders all the top hamper stnt down. The top and top galant masts were lowered and stowed on the deck. We were ordered to leave the rigging in a ragged way just as if the spars had been carried away by a gale. We was a wondering what the skipper was up to, thinking the cintipedes had made him crazy. About four o'clock we sighted the smoke of a steamer and at once the old man had a distress signal hoisted to the stump of the mainmast. The steamer picked it up and began to bear down on us and thin the order came to man the pumps. As there was very little water in the well we

thought the cintipedes had turned the skipper's head but it's obey orders aboard ship.

"Brig ahoy," sings out a man on the steamer's bridge, when she was in hailing distance, 'what do you need?'

"We've been dimateed in a gale," sez the skipper, with a straight face, 'and we've sprung a leak. We want you to tow us into Rio Grande.'

"Where did you find a gale in this latitood?" shouts the man on the steamer, 'I've not seen wind enough to fill a ryal for a week'."

"'Twas a sort of whirlwind," sez the skipper; 'now, what'll you charge to tow me in?'

"Well, shouts the captain of the steamer, 'Rio Grande will take us out of our course a heap but I'll tow you for a thousand puns'."

"It's an awful price," sez our skipper, 'an awful price, but what else can I do? I'll send you a hawser'."

"We lowered a boat and carried a brand new manilla hawser to the steamer which they fastened to the bitts aboard and thin we pulled back to the brig."

"The steamer towed us all the evening, but when it became dark the skipper orders brimstone to be put in buckets, set afire and lowered into the hold. Glory be, how thin cintipedes came a swarming on deck. Ye could hear 'em a-rustlin' there was so many of 'em."

"The mate stnt a man forrard and had a thick circle of pitch made around the bowsprit just beyond the heel and thin all hands were called aft. Forrard of the wheel we lay some sheets of tin reaching clear across the deck from rail to rail. On this tin we sprinkled brimstone and set it afire. There was very little wind and the stinking smoke lay close to the deck and druv the cintipedes forrard. Slowly we moved the tin plates along driving the insects towards the bow. They were mighty excited thin cintipedes for they couldn't go back into the hold as the brimstone was a burning down there and they couldn't, as they always did when we tried to drown thin, go out on the bowsprit and climb the stays. When they come to the circle of pitch they stopped."

"At last they found the hawser and they started along it towards the steamer. We had shoved the brimstone pretty nigh to the bow and I was standing on the forecastle when the moon come out a minute from behind some clouds. Boys, did ye iver go into a great factory and see the belts flying in time with the turning of the wheels? Well, that's the way that hawser looked with the cintipedes flying along it to the steamer. Glory be, it made my head swim to look at 'em."

"Captain," sez the mate, 'the cintipedes are about all on the hawser, shall I cut it and let 'em drown?'

"No," sez the old man, 'it 'ud be a sin to drown thin innocent insects and besides that there fellow wanted to charge me a thousand puns to pull me to Rio Grande. Let him have the cintipedes'."

"Just afore morning the mate cut the hawser."

"When morning broke the steamer was well off to leeward but she wore and come down on us."

"Ahoy there," shouts the captain of the steamer, your hawser's parted'."

"Yis, bad luck to it," hollers back our old man."

"I'll send some men aboard wid another hawser," sez the steamer captain."

"No I'm obleeked," calls back our old man, 'the leak's stopped and I've found some spars that I'll make do'."

"Thin the steamer captain spakes out his mind."

"Ye dirty Yankee swab, of yours," he vells, 'that floating pig sty of yours is full of bugs and they've come along the hawser onto my ship. It's fairly swarming wid 'em'."

"Bugs," screams the skipper, 'it's entirely crazy ye are. What d'ye mane by insulting a mariner in distress by telling him his vessel is full of bugs? If your filthy old tay kettle is full of vermin it's no hawser I want from ye and have the insects coming on my swate clean brig'."

"I've a bloody good mind to run ye down, ye pistillent Yankee," hows the steamer captain, making an angry slap at his legs."

"I'd have ye notice," sez the skipper, politely, 'that the American flag is waving over my brig and it's me that 'ud like to see you run her down'."

"Thin the steamer captain jerks the bell to the engine room and away she wint to the south'ard, but the captain was shaking his fist at the brig as long as the two crafts were in sight of each other."

"And, d'ye know, boys," continued Cannon, mysteriously, "that steamer was called the Kathleen and though I've read the shipping news and asked ivery seamen I've met I've never heard of her since."

"What do you suppose happened to her?" was asked.

"It's my belfae," replied Cannon, "that thin cintipedes ate up the crew and thin gnawed a hole in the ship's iron skin and wint down wid her."

Part of Their Business.

A Winsted (Conn.) dispatch says: "Yankee schoolmarmes" are getting scarce. Not surprising when one learns, further on, that these teachers are, as a rule, good cooks.

MATTERS FEMININE.

IN FINE LINGERIE

DAINTY GARMENTS THAT MAY BE MADE AT HOME.

Fashioning of Appropriate Underwear Is Something That Every Woman Should Have at Her Finger Tips.

No woman ought to be ignorant of the art of making the simple, pretty things which she wears from her cradle to her grave. Our grandmothers made and kept on hand underclothing against the time of sickness and death. But the making and boarding of grave clothes was a rather lugubrious custom which a generation of less somber ways of thoughts has allowed to lapse.

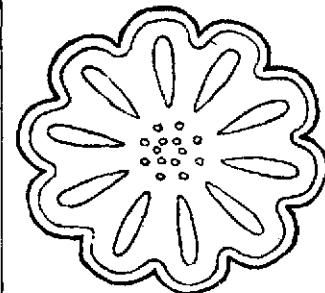
It is a rare woman who is not proud of her collection of lingerie, and prouder yet if she has made each article herself. Nearly all prospective brides attempt the manufacture of at least one suit of underwear and she is a fortunate girl who has not waited until this happy time to learn how to cut and make the different pieces. She has saved herself some nervous strain and if she has like the Dutch girl been gathering a chest full of fine linen of her own making anticipating the time of need, she is all the better off.

Since we have adopted the French word for underclothing an added necessity has been laid upon us of having this a little finer better fitting and a little daintier than of old. Lingerie is an unimaginable word for a combination of coarse cloth, cheap embroidery and careless work.

We may learn many things from the French the accredited inventors of the artistic and beautiful in mod-

everything that goes with it should be in a measure be that also but if we wear a lingerie waist or an elaborate dress of muslin, mull, chiffon or em-broidery, our smaller garments should be in keeping.

Half of the charm of a lingerie waist is lost if it seems to house crude undergarments. Many a wise woman has denied herself the pleasure of wearing this fascinating garment because she had not the suitable accompaniments, while many a girl in



Medallion in Eyelet

school or shop having a limited wardrobe throughout has worn these with any makeshift and on any occasion.

One of the ever popular and easy designs for embroidery whether for a hat a shirt waist linen collar and cuffs table mats or for flouncings and other decorations of underwear is the daisy pattern. The flower may have five or a dozen petals the petals may be in the eyelet or solid and so with the center but a combination of the two forms is most effective perhaps although very frequently both petals and center are in eyelet. Medallions are made with this pattern and bands with this figure scalloped on both edges make very effective trimmings. It is easy to draw these for one's self and even to add the sprays of eyelet leaves that are often used with them.

For dainty vokes especially for children's garments, one of the finest things is rows of hemstitching on sheer lawn or linen half an inch or so apart, with feather stitching in the space between. Feather stitching without the hemstitching is very dainty and may be done in circles of an inch or more in diameter such as have been used on some of the hand-sonest of the tailored shirt waists.

But plain, solid handsome effects are in no way better secured than by using the braids especially the narrowest Irish. A night dress trimmed with this put on with little curls every inch or so is a very substantial and good looking garment. This braid also lends itself to the making of the monogram which is so much used in marking both men's and women's haberdashery. Both the narrow and the wide Irish braids are used on men's and boys' nightshirts.



Nightdress Trimmed with Irish Braid

ern dress in reference to these matters. The phrase beautiful underneath is theirs and has almost a moral significance. To their minds it is next to impossible to be clothed sound thoroughly dressed without giving exact and careful attention to every garment from the first to the last.

To be beautiful underneath one's undergarments need not necessarily be artistic creations but they should be in keeping with the outer dress. If our outer gown or suit is substantial

FOR THE DRESSING TABLE.

Three Articles Which May Almost Be Called Necessities.

The fad for fancy collars and turn-overs has caused a necessity for two new articles on the dressing table—in fact three if studs and collar buttons are worn—a long flat receptacle for the turnovers a box to hold collars and a smaller box to hold studs. The dressing table is a most elastic piece of furniture. Like the bookcase it is always full and yet can be made to hold a little more. Its small drawers are a boon to the woman who lacks bureau accommodations for on the whole a long narrow compartment or drawer is a much more satisfactory place for gloves than a glove box which takes up too much space on top just as vells are much more conveniently and safely preserved folded up and laid away than when left on the bureau twined about a roll. Too many objects on top of a bureau or dressing table is a mistake both against good taste and comfort. They are in the way when dressing and only too often are not kept as immaculate as they should be. On this account, celluloid china or ivory utensils are better than silver ones although the latter are more effective when they are brightly polished. If silver is used a piece of cotton flannel should be kept near at hand so that they may be rubbed off every morning, while once a week they should be cleaned with silver polish.

Sleeves of Chiffon.

A new fancy is making its appearance in fashionable circles. It consists of the short sleeves, being made of chiffon lace or other delicate fabric though it may not enter into the composition of the remainder of the bodice. The puff is finished at the elbow with a band of velvet, or one of whatever material the bodice is composed. The effect at first looks odd for it gives the impression that the dressmaker has run short of bodice material. One model shows a gray blue soft cloth, with puff sleeves of gray silk mousseline, set into bands of gray velvet below the elbow. At the throat is a vest and collar of the gray mousseline. Yet another smart model is in black silk mousseline, embroidered with dots of blue silk. The sleeves are finished at the elbow with bands of blue panne.

FOR MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Two Pretty and Appropriate Garments Illustrated.

The long gown is of dark blue and white cashmere. The fan plaiting of blue silk fills the opening in the back.



and also the smaller openings at each side of the front. The jacket fronts are edged with silk and tied with satin ribbon, the front being gathered underneath. The ribbon ties are fastened high in the back and tied low in the front.

The little girl wears a pretty shirred pinafore dress of brown cashmere trimmed with black velvet and ecru lace.

Baby Weight Card.

A weight card is a pretty idea for the very new baby. A card six by ten inches is decorated across one corner with a dainty spray of flowers done in water colors. Below this there is a table of ages and weights done in pen and ink the necessary blank space for filling in the record.

A bit of ribbon is attached to the top of the card, so that it may be hung on the nursery wall.

For a Sore Mouth.

Borax and water make a good wash for a sore mouth.

IN THE HOUSEHOLD

HINTS ON MANY SUBJECTS OF INTEREST.

How Prunes Provide Their Own Sweetening—Effective Way to Hang Pictures—Soda and Water Good for Kitchen Floor.

Need No Sugar.—How many housewives know that prunes require absolutely no sweetening that if they are cooked slowly for hours and hours there is sugar from them that nature provides as a sweetening. In other words they sweeten themselves, and if cooked long enough are covered with a rich syrup without one grain of sugar being added to them. The flavor is also improved by this method of cooking them by the oftentimes despised prune sauce becomes an enjoyable addition to the table.

Picture Hanging.—Too little attention is generally given to the hanging of pictures. They should be hung as nearly vertical as possible against the wall as possible and not tipped forward at various angles with the wall. The best effect is given by using two hooks so that two vertical lines of wire appear instead of the triangular piece resulting when but one hook is used. The effect is more restful in a room where the pictures are hung vertically.

Kitchen Floor Cleaner.—So many people find it hard to keep their kitchen floors in good condition that method may help them. Wash with soda and water. After sprinkling about a heaping teaspoonful of soda on any greasy spots pour boiling water over it then take a mop and wipe up the whole floor. This is far more satisfactory than scrubbing for it will take out grease spots without the use of elbow grease. This will also keep the floor snowy white as well as clean.

Don't Use Soap.—Never use soap when cleaning oilcloth. It fades the colors and the paint will soon wear off. Ammonia should also be avoided because it gives a dull appearance. Take a clean flannel cloth and apply warm water. The oilcloth should then be wiped off with a dry cloth. Skim milk is excellent to use and will give the oilcloth a gloss. If a brush is used it should be a soft one but it is better not to use any.

Care of Rubber Shoes.—To make rubber shoes wear longer from the tops of old rubber shoes cut pieces the shape of a heel. Smear these pieces on the lining side with thick muckilage or any sticky substance and place in the heels of rubbers pressing down firmly. These protectors prevent the rubber from receiving the direct pressure of the boot heels and can be renewed when they show the least signs of wear.

Cleaning Furniture.—Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soapsuds quickly wiped dry and then rubbed with an oil cloth. A good polish is made by mixing three parts of linseed oil and one part of spirits of turpentine. Apply with a woolen cloth and when dry rub well with a dry woolen cloth. This is especially good polish for scratched or marred furniture and will restore the color and luster to varnish.

WHEN YOU CLEAN THE STOVE

Some Simple Observances That Will Lighten Labor.

The kitchen stove can be cleaned with newspapers but when cleaning do it thoroughly. Many tops of stoves receive a daily polish and yet the sides are covered with dust and grease.

Let the oven be thoroughly cleaned with a brush kept for that purpose then nicely washed and your bread and cake will have a purer flavor.

Never leave dust or grease remains of former bakings on your oven doors. A newspaper will remove all of these a wet cloth will complete the cleaning.

In cleaning the cook stove do not forget to keep the pipe clean within and without—an important point to bear in mind.

Macaroon Custard

Have in readiness nine or ten macaroons that have been soaked in a quart cup of sherry. Add to the soaked macaroons the yolks of two eggs beat lightly a cup and a half of milk two tablespoonfuls sugar and one tablespoonful each macaroon and bread crumbs. Butter the blazer slightly, turn in the custard set over the hot water pan cover and cook from 20 to 30 minutes. When about half done whip the whites of the two eggs stiff with two tablespoonfuls sugar and two teaspoonfuls lemon juice and pile lightly on top of custard. Recover and finish the cooking.

Fine Baked Potatoes

For stuffed baked potatoes select those of medium size and bake them in their skins until they are nearly done, cut nearly through the potato at one end scoop out a little from the center, and fill the hollow space with a thin slice of fried bacon, tightly rolled. Close down the half severed end of the potato, return to the oven and finish baking.

Ribbon Interwoven with Tinsel.—Silken material interwoven with tinsel is best cleaned with bread crumbs and powdered blue then shaken and rubbed with a clean cloth, tinsel or gold lace with liquid ammonia.

To Prevent Rusty Fireirons.

Fireirons during the summer should be rubbed over with a rag moistened with vaseline and sweet oil. This will quite prevent rust.

LIMIT HAD BEEN REACHED.

Why Josiah Did Not Take Unto Him- self a Fourth Helpmate.

Many years ago Josiah N— settled on a farm in Connecticut near the sound. After the death of his wife he erected a square white marble tomb stone, on which was inscribed "Amelia, wife of"

Not long afterward he married again, but his second wife did not long survive, and to save expense he



Declined to Be Number 4.

divided the original stone and the slab recorded the name of Harriet the second wife of

And yet again did he take unto him self a wife who also lived but a few years and was laid away with the others. And yet again was Amelia relieved of some of the weight of marble that pressed the sod above her to make a tablet for Sarah third beloved wife.

Not long afterward he proposed to a dressmaker who had been accustomed to fashion garments at his house during his three domestic dynasties. She requested a little time to consider. A week later when he called for her answer she said:

Well I guess I'll have to decline Josiah for I've been up to the cemetery and there ain't one of them stones that I split.

EVERY HOUSE HAS ASH PIT

To Prevent the Wind From Blowing Live Coals Around

Among the objects that invariably attract the attention of tourists in Denver are the ash pits at every house. These are made necessary by the character of the coal commonly used for domestic purposes and by the high winds that prevail. The ashes of the lignite coal so extensively burned hold the heat for an extraordinary length of time remaining red hot for many hours or if kept from the air for days after passing through the grate bars it is evident that if these red hot ashes are thrown out in back yards or vacant lots the high winds that sweep across



Household Ash Pit

the plains would scatter them broad east making them a constant menace to the eyes and clothing of passers by as well as to inflammable property of every kind. Every house is therefore required by city ordinance to be provided with an ash pit shaped like an old fashioned bulb oven with small openings at the top through which the ashes are thrown. Another opening in one side at the bottom permits their removal when the pit is full.

EARLY ON THE WRONG PATH

From London Comes Story of Youthful "Bunco Steerer"

An amusing story of the wiles of a boy confidence trickster was told recently in a London (Eng.) police court where Frederick Martin, 17 years old was charged with obtaining money by trickery from several young boys. Evidence was given which indicated that Martin has been doing a large business as a bunco man for a long time. Two boys had three weeks' wages in their pockets when Martin introduced himself to them as the son of a horsekeeper and said his father had given him a herd of young goats. The sanitary inspector he explained objected to his keeping so many of them and he had to get rid of some, so he offered to give a goat to each of the boys. They all went to the news where Martin said the goats were and on the way Martin explained that it was necessary to show the kids some round discs to coax them to leave their mother. He said that shillings would do and the boys changed their wages into shillings and handed them to Martin, who entered the stable with them and disappeared. When they became uneasy and asked one of the stablemen where the goat were, he told them that several other boys had been asking the same question.

A LOTTERY PRIZE

By R. ARTHUR

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

One afternoon, on getting home from the office, I found May waiting at the door in a state of intense excitement.

"Fred!" she screamed, before I got to the gate, "where is that ticket?"

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, you have lost it! I know you have! And I shall never get anything again I wanted so much."

As she seemed about to dissolve in tears I made a dash up the steps I hate scenes above all things and I felt instinctively that our neighbor Mrs. Markey, was peeping at us from behind the curtains next door.

"Now dear," I began, when I had closed the door, "you mustn't excite yourself, you know you mustn't."

"But Fred," she sobbed, "we've won a prize—a magnificent mahogany suite—but we won't get it now you've lost the ticket."

I suddenly remembered. In spite of my objections May had bought a ticket in the grand Hibernian Lodge lottery, and the suite she talked about must be the second prize. I ran into the dining room and a few minutes search unearthed a flaring red ticket.

After the first joy of gaining something at the expense of other people the question arose what was to be done? Our house of five rooms and a kitchen was fully furnished. The furniture meant my savings for two years before our marriage. We really had not room for anything else. I timidly suggested that we should try and get the suite changed into money. May turned on me with a fine scorn in her eyes.

You never want to have things look nice," she cried. "Why we have nothing decent in the house."

This was rather hard on the furniture I had given up cigars and the theater for. But it doesn't do to argue with May. So it was soon settled and that evening we proceeded to the Metropolitan furniture store to view the suite. The sight of it made my heart sink. It would have done for a palace. May was in raptures.

She hurried me home and we were soon in our room arranging where the things should be put. Our room was 14 feet square. It had two small windows side by side, and even with the modest furniture in it there was barely space to move about. But the matter presented no difficulties to May.

The wardrobe will stand here nicely and the washstand there. Freddie said (she always called me Freddie when pleased). "And the dressing table will fit in beautifully between the windows."

I had my doubts, but said nothing. There was little breakfast next morning for May and the girl had been engaged from daybreak in clearing out the old suite and devising places to store it away. She scouted my idea that we might sell it and said it would do for the spare room when we got one.

When I arrived home at three o'clock I found the van already at the door and a small crowd of onlookers around it. May was standing flushed and excited at the gate.

Oh, Fred what shall we do?" she cried, "they can't get the wardrobe in."

As it was, there were four men on our narrow staircase wrestling with the washstand and using the profane language. They had smashed the lamp in the hall and the plaster all along was furrowed like a cornfield.

By some miracle of handling known only to furniture men they negotiated the turning and the washstand had reached its destination. That was the top landing. The men tried coaxing and violence tilted it on end rammed it at the bedroom door in all sorts of impossible angles but it would not be put through. So it was left where it was.

We held a hurried consultation in the garden over the fate of the wardrobe. It was out of the question to attempt the stairs with it. The head furniture man announced that it would have to be hoisted in by the window. As the apparatus to do this was not at hand it was left all night in the garden covered by a tarpaulin.

May was in ecstasy. She had seen Mrs. Markey's face green with envy, at the window.

In the morning we were invaded early by a gang of men with ropes and pulleys and the wardrobe was soon dangling between heaven and earth. All the people in the street were at their windows, for the man directing the operation had a voice like a fog horn.

"What an idiot the fellow was!" It had never struck him to use his measuring tape. When the wardrobe was got up to the balcony, it would no more go through the window than the washstand through the door. So it had to be lowered over again. May was half crying with vexation.

"Bring it into the dining room," she said, "we will make that our room, Fred, and have meals upstairs."

Mrs. Markey and her husband were enjoying it immensely. I could have strangled them.

I ordered the men to bring the thing in by the front door, and caught one of them winking at the other, as he said "All right, guv'nor."

Of course the thing drew up in the hall, and refused to budge. I might have known it. It was lucky the door could shut.

I gulped down some tea that had

been made an hour before, fished at a chop that had been cooked at the same time, and went off to town in a rage.

At dinner that evening May was unusually affectionate. And she looked so pretty that I ground down my hatred of the suite as unworthy of the husband of so adorable a wife.

She was wanting to say something, and it came out at last.

Darling, we must have a new carpet for our room."

"A new carpet?" I cried, "what is wrong with the one we have?"

"Oh, you know well enough how shabby it is. And Mrs. Wright was here to-day, and said we must really have one to match the suite."

"Anything else?" I inquired grimly.

"Oh she knows a place where we can get a set for the washstand for almost nothing."

But my dear girl, I expostulated, what would be the use of it? We can't perform our ablutions on the stairs.

I wish you would not try to be sarcastic," said my wife, with dignity; "it does not suit you."

"Neither does the suite," I joked feebly.

May withered me with a glance. In two or three minutes I was



She Was Wanting to Say Something.

routed horse and foot and had to surrender unconditionally and May was smoothing down my hair by calling me her own boy."

A week passed. I grew quite expert in the various ways of getting into bed and learnt to a nicety the course to be steered round the wardrobe.

But May was not happy. The position of the wardrobe and the washstand, which latter I was using to store my collars and shirts on, was a daily heartbreak to her. She grew silent and listless and I cursed the day that brought that ticket into my possession.

One evening, at last, the burden seemed to have been lifted. After a good deal of desultory talk she announced carelessly that she had been out all day looking for another house, and had almost decided on one.

It was a gloomy looking house in a side street, a house only fit for dying in. But the rooms were immense and I saw at once that was the attraction for my wife.

The suite would be in its glory in the big bedroom, though I chuckled to myself how the other furniture would look. We moved in at the end of the month, washstand, wardrobe and all.

We had meals in a dining room whose vastness was accentuated by our small table and sideboard which rose as islands in this ocean of bareness. Our oil paintings in the old house now gave the finishing touch of the ridiculous to the gigantic hall. And the new bedroom carpet served as a rug in the suite room.

But May was at peace. The light had come back to her eyes. I was beginning to settle down under the new regime when the end came.

One day I got a telegram at the office from May. It said "Come at once." I rushed home in a hansom with the fear clutching at my heart that something had happened to my darling.

There was nearly a collision at the street corner with a furniture-van, which bore something which gleamed and glittered in the sunlight. The flower bed by the garden path was trodden down as if there had been a fight over it. The front door was open. I rushed in, and then, as I heard loud sobs upstairs, flew to the bedroom. May was lying on the bed weeping and refusing to be comforted by the maid—and the suite was gone.

We are back now in the old house, and there is another inmate who has replaced the suite in May's affection. I admire him very much, too, but he has a reprehensible habit of turning night into day, and insisting that some one else should keep him company.

The reason for the disappearance of the suite was that the treasurer of the Hibernian Lottery had absconded without paying for any of the prizes, and so the furnishing store had sent down for their suite. It was altogether illegal, and could have brought them into serious trouble. But I did not tell May this.

Ada Evening News

OTIS B. WEAVER, Editor and Owner
HOWARD PARKER, Associate Editor

Printed at second-class mail matter March 26, 1904, at the post office at Ada, Indian Territory under the Act of Congress March 3, 1879.

Advertising rates on application

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Subject to the action of the Democratic primary election

For United States Senator
HENRY M. FURMAN
M. L. TURNER
ROY HOFFMAN
T. P. GORE
ROBERT L. OWEN

For Governor
C. N. HASKELL

For General
E. G. MCADAMS

For State Treasurer
J. A. MENEFEE

For State Superintendent of Public Instruction
E. D. CAMERON

For State Corporation Commissioner
J. J. MALESTER
A. P. WATSON
P. J. MCINLEY

For Justice of Supreme Court
ROBERT L. WILLIAMS
S. C. TREADWELL

For Clerk of Supreme Court
E. C. PATTON
W. H. L. CAMPBELL

For Congress
CHARLEY D. CARTER
D. H. LINEBAUGH
F. W. SKILLERN
CHAS. E. McPHERREN
R. SALLS

For District Judge
A. T. WEST
JAMES H. CHAMBERS

For State Senator
REUBEN M. RODDIE
J. W. DEAN
OTIS B. WEAVER

For State Representative
RANDOLPH LAURENCE
FRANK HUDDLESTON

For Floterial Representative
E. S. RATLIFF

For County Judge
J. P. WOOD
JOEL TERRELL

For County Attorney
ROBT. WIMBISH
B. C. KING

For Sheriff
ROBERT NESTER
A. A. (JOS.) BOBBITT
L. E. (LEWIS) MITCHELL
JAMES D. GAAR
J. E. (ED) FUSSELL
T. J. SMITH

For County Clerk
C. A. (CHARLES) POWERS
W. S. (SAM) KERR
M. F. DLW

For District Clerk
W. I. COX
W. D. LOWDEN

For County Treasurer
J. (JESSE) CATES
J. K. DAVENPORT
C. K. SUGGINS

For Register of Deeds
A. C. RAY
GARY KITCHENS
C. C. HARGIS
A. L. MILES

For County Surveyor
GEORGE TRUETT

For County Supt. of Public Instruction
BASCOT T. LAWSON
T. F. PIERCE, of Roff

For County Commissioner
District No. 1
JOHN D. RINARD
District No. 2
R. L. (BOB) WALKER
JOHN B. STEWART
L. F. TULLY
C. W. FLOYD
F. C. KRIGER
District No. 3
ED. L. THOMPSON
J. W. VADEN

For Justice of the Peace, Ada, Precinct
W. H. NETTLES
H. J. BROWN
GEORGE DAVIDSON
W. H. FISHER
Chickasaw Township No. 2
A. GAYLOR

For Trustee, Chickasaw Township No. 2
F. L. JOHNSON
H. P. MERRYMAN

For Constable Ada Precinct
SID RIEDEL
J. M. RANEY

For Constable Chickasaw Township No. 2
E. C. SULLIVAN
A. F. DILLARD, of Ahloso

For Constable, Francis Township No. 3
JAMES W. LILLARD

For State Commissioner of Charities
MISS KATE BARNARD

For County Weigher
CHARLES A. THOMAS

THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE

Heretofore announced, the Mason Drug Co. candidate for the Most Popular Drug Store in Pontotoc county, subject to the action and approval of all people who want PURE DRUGS, HONEST PRICES, and a SQUARE DEAL. And this candidate will be an easy winner!

Fifty Years the Standard

DR. PRICES' CREAM BAKING POWDER

A Cream of Tartar Powder Made from Grapes
NO ALUM

Andrew Carnegie

Says the best way to accumulate money is to resolutely save and bank a fixed portion of your income, no matter how small the amount. Suppose you follow the advice of Carnegie who started in life poor and open an account with

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

PERSONAL MENTION

Dr. Logan was in Stouewall yesterday

Wright and Berry, tailors, next door to postoffice for high class work 48-49

Ernest Pritchett returned yesterday morning from a visit to Kona on business

Murphy for Millions at the Electric theatre tonight

T. Sutton business manager of the Times at Holdenville and Carl Sutton a druggist were here from Holdenville over Sunday visiting with friends

Ed. Hillman and his cousin Miss Hillman were in Ada yesterday morning. Ed. present at the wedding of a friend

J. L. Cress candidate for district clerk went down into the Atoka county Sunday morning

A group of chitka of program tonight at the Electric theatre. New ones with pictures

H. J. Johnson of Connersville was in Ada Saturday visiting relatives

Contractor Jensen of the dam site returned yesterday morning from a business trip to Oklahoma City

Will Northrup is home from his two months trip through Texas selling clothing. He will remain in Ada for some time

Mrs. H. M. Furman went to Oklahoma City yesterday afternoon to meet Judge Furman and visit a few days

Don't fail to see the beautiful scenes on the Hudson River tonight at the Electric theatre

Nels H. Hukins of Branks was in Ada today trading

Rev. Newton Johnson pastor of the High Hill church near Ada is here on business today

Chapman Brand Shoes

STRICTLY HIGH GRADE GUARANTEED PATENT

\$5

We have the finest line of Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes in Ada. You will get better satisfaction and save money in buying shoes at our exclusive shoe store.

CHAPMAN

The Shoe Man

LOST AND STILL LOSING

Because You Don't Trade at

The Nickel Store

You will still loose money if you don't take advantage of some of the extra good values we are offering

Soaps—We have a line of fine Toilet Soaps, Violet, Glycerine and Almond Cream Soap, 5c a cake

White Rose and Old Fashioned Butter Milk Soap, 5c a cake

Grandpa's Wonder Soap, 5c ounce cake, 5c

Long Bar Hard Water Soap, 5c a bar

Laundry Soap, Silk or Swile, 3 cakes 10

Faultless Starch, 8c per package

Eagle Lye, 4 cans 25c

Petroleum Jelly or vasoline, 2 oz 5c, 5 ounces 10c

Talcum Powders, 5c and 10c

Arm and Hammer Brand Soda, pound packages 4 for 25c

2 ounce extracts, good quality Lemmon, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry, 10c per bottle

Nutmegs 2 for 1c

Gag Bluing, Red Cross 2 boxes for 5c

Don't miss us for fruit jars, fruit jar caps and fruit jar rubbers

Covered lunch baskets ranging in price from 10c to 25c

See our line of Glassware Queensware Tinware enameledware etc

Saturday Next we are going to sell while they last another lot of those good brooms at 10c each, sold with 25c worth of other goods and one to a customer

We solicit your business,

The Nickel Store

and China Hall.

The 5c and 10c Store of Ada

S. M. SHAW Prop

This latter candidate for congress from this district was in Ada this morning on his way to Roff where he delivers a speech tonight

D. N. began a transfer on from Stouewall was in Ada today on business

Geo. L. Kierwood a prosperous farmer living on three miles east of Ada is here today trading

A Vogt manager at the brick plant was in the News office this morning and showed us some seventy post cards he had received from his wife who is visiting her old home in Switzerland. They were very unique but beautiful and attractive. Mrs. Vogt started on her return trip to America June 1st

Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea purifies the blood strengthens the nerves regulates the bowels and the kidneys cures stomach troubles builds up the nervous force and relieves the ill effects of over eating 1 box 10c 3 boxes 30c —G. M. Ramsey

Notice. All occupation license expired June 1st so please call and renew same Jesse Warren Recorder Assessor and Collector 53 3t

How to live on 16 cents a day. The mind as well as the body is benefitted by economy in eating. There is no health giver like a diet of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. In a startling way it keeps you going. See Test or folders —G. M. Ramsey

When you buy

Coffee Tea, Extracts and Spices you want full strength. Therefore, buy these goods in air-tight cans, as none of the original flavor can escape.

Folger's Celebrated Golden Gate Coffee, Tea, Extracts and Spices ARE SOLD ON MERIT in air-tight tins. TRY THESE BRANDS. Moss & Scribner, Sole Agents

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When you buy

TO DO Good

Medicines must contain potent ingredients

Medicines we compound are prepared from pure standard strength drugs, which are guaranteed under the "Pure Food and Drugs Act of June 30 1906"

That's why our prescription work is so satisfactory to physicians

Medicines put up here will have the effect your doctor desires

GWIN, MAYS & CO. THE DRUGGISTS

TO MAKE ADA IMMACULATE

Continued on Page 1

president was accepted and a vote of thanks to her for the interest in and help given the Federation during her term of office. Mrs. Bent Mason was chosen president by acclamation

Mrs. Sledge was elected second vice president. Mrs. Chauncey, corresponding secretary and treasurer and Mrs. Hills auditor

Chairman of all committees will please be present to report at next regular meeting the last Saturday in June with Mrs. Chauncey secretary

WANTED—A cook Mrs. E. W. Hudin

LOST—Ladies gold watch. Luma engraved on inside and L. on outside. Return to News office and receive reward 63 1

Miss Clara Hand of Luther, Okla. and Miss Olive Wilson of Francis visited L. W. Hudin's family Sunday night and Monday

S. J. Armstrong and family who moved to Tennessee about a month ago to reside until September could not stay away that long and returned to Ada this morning

Miss Minnie Granger of Chino, Mo. is in Ada for a visit with her brothers Dr. and Prof. Granger

Prof. Granger had the misfortune Saturday to trip and in his foot and is still confined to his room

The W. C. T. U. will meet 3 p. m. Wednesday with Mrs. Ed. Brants in place of Lu. S. C. Members will please note the change. Convention program will be finished this week. By order Corresponding Secretary

Deputy Marshal Brants Saturday night received word that three were in a large paddis at Evelyn with a line of tools they could enter in three was us. They asked that Ed send a man there. Over the phone Ed authorized several Evelyn men to go and capture the men. They agreed to hold the fellows until a marshal could arrive Sunday morning. Brants had word Sunday that the fellows had opened fire on the pursuers and had completely put them to route. Thus Ed lost some big game

How to live on 16 cents a day. The mind as well as the body is benefitted by economy in eating. There is no health giver like a diet of Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. In a startling way it keeps you going. See Test or folders —G. M. Ramsey

CAPITOL HILL LOTS ON EASY PAYMENT PLAN

Capitol Hill

Acres will be best residence property. Close in; shade trees on every street

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(AN OLD AND ESTABLISHED HOUSE)

ARMSTRONG, BYRD & CO

—OF OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—

Have been established in the PIANO and ORGAN business in Oklahoma and Indian Territories for ten years. They are the largest music house in the Southwest, and carry a magnificent line of thirty two of the best known and most reliable makes of Pianos. They sell from \$50.00 to \$75.00 cheaper than any other firm sell Pianos of the same grade and quality.

IF THE MARKET FOR A PIANO FIGURE WITH THEM

We keep a full line of prescription goods. We know how and can fill any prescription. We don't substitute. We deliver

Crescent Drug Store

Dr. F. Z. Holley, Prop

The Long Distance Telephone

USE IT TODAY AND SAVE DELAY

Other ways of transacting your affairs cannot compare with it in HIGH VALUE LOW PRICE QUICK SERVICE. It is the comprehensive means of communication.

PIONEER TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.

Telephone Directory.

The New Telephone Directory is being prepared for the Printer. We want your name to appear correctly. Any changes you desire, notify the Manager.

PIONEER TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO.

AVOID CONFUSION

Administrators, Guardians and others may avoid confusions, from the mingling of private and trust funds, by opening separate accounts at this bank. Drop in and let us talk over this important matter

Ada National Bank

Ada, Ind. T.

Our Stockholders have a combined wealth of over \$500,000.00.

Pianos We have just received several late styles and would be glad to have you call and inspect
Sewing Machines A few high grade ball bearing White Sewing Machines at \$22.50 while they last.
Organs We can sell you a good organ from \$25 to \$100. \$5 down and \$2 per month. You'll have to hurry
Sheet Music We are receiving new music every day. Come and try it on our pianos. Tell us your music troubles. Let us reason together.

Matthews Music Co.

Main Street